

NOVEMBER 7, 1955

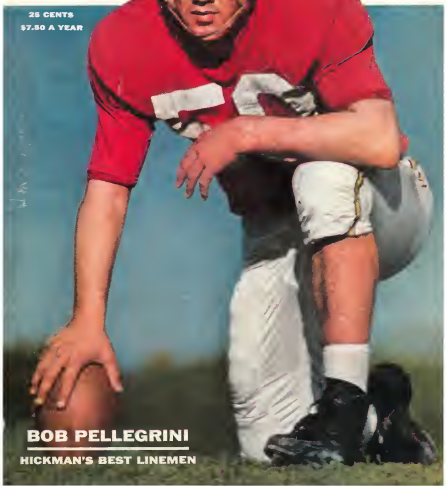
SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

BOB PELLEGRINI

HICKMAN'S BEST LINEMEN



ROBLEE®

The open-collar feeling in leather



That's the way it is. The help so kindly offered by this ever-loving helpmate was spurned this morning. How's a wife to know these Roblees open up so wide you simply slip into them? Practically no hands.

You might not have known that yourself. Look how these Roblees fit around the ankle trim and snug, no gap. To get fit like that, wouldn't you think the shoes would have to be stiff... especially since the topline is so low? Not so! The snug fit there at the top starts at the bottom. The base is broad so your heel rests on a wider support. Then the

sides are tapered inward to that lower topline. See. You actually wrap the soft leather around your foot.

Planning from the bottom up is the reason all Roblees give your feet the "open collar feeling in leather." But as you can see, that comfortable feeling doesn't take anything away from their good looks. These Roblees are made up of Black Campana Grain leather. The moc toe is outlined with fine stitches that look as if they'd been made by hand. Roblee Dealers have this style in black, oak, walnut, and maple Campana Grains. Black

or brown smooth leathers. How will you have it? . . . Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

LO-TRIM
By ROBLEE

\$12.95

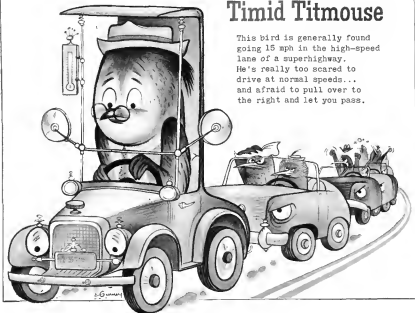
Other Roblee styles, \$10.95 to \$14.95
Higher Denver Ward



THE

Timid Titmouse

This bird is generally found going 15 mph in the high-speed lane of a superhighway. He's really too scared to drive at normal speeds... and afraid to pull over to the right and let you pass.



THE

Smart Bird

knows it's often as bad to go too slow as it is to go too fast. He handles his car with confidence... knows its limitations and his own.

One reason the Smart Bird is confident is that his car can respond quickly in tight spots. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline, with its higher octane rating, makes certain your engine delivers full power on demand.



It's smart to use
premium gasoline



ETHYL
CORPORATION

Now Puerto Rico Offers 100% Tax Exemption to New Industry

by BEARDSLEY RUMI

"We don't want runaway industries" says Governor Muñoz. "But we do seek new and expanding industries." Federal taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico, and the Commonwealth also offers full exemption from local taxes. That is why 325 new plants have been located in Puerto Rico, protected by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.



Beardsley Ruml IN A dramatic bid to raise the standard of living in Puerto Rico, the Commonwealth Government is now offering U. S. manufacturers such overwhelming

incentives that more than three hundred new factories have already been established in this sunny island 961 miles off the Florida coast.

First and most compelling incentive is the 100% tax exemption for most manufacturers who set up new plants in Puerto Rico.

For example, if your company is now making a net profit after taxes of \$53,500, your net profit in Puerto Rico would be \$100,000—a gain of 87 per cent, simply because Federal corporate income taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico and all local taxes are waived as well.

Your dividends in Puerto Rico from a corporation there could be \$50,000 against \$25,000 net in the U. S.—because Federal personal income taxes do not apply either.

What About Labor?

Puerto Rico's labor reservoir of 637,000 men and women has developed remarkable levels of productivity and efficiency—thanks, in part, to the Commonwealth's vocational training schools. These schools also offer special courses for managers and supervisors.

The progress made in technical skills may be gauged from the fact that there are now twenty-eight factories producing delicate electronic equipment.

Among the U. S. companies that have already set up manufacturing operations in Puerto Rico are Sylvania Electric, Carborundum Company, St. Regis Paper, Remington Rand, Univis Lens, Shoe Cor-

CORPORATE TAX EXEMPTION

If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:

If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 17,500	\$ 35,000
35,500	70,000
53,500	100,000
71,500	140,000
89,500	180,000
107,500	220,000
125,500	260,000
143,500	300,000
161,500	340,000
179,500	380,000
197,500	420,000
215,500	460,000
233,500	500,000
251,500	540,000
269,500	580,000
287,500	620,000
305,500	660,000
323,500	700,000
341,500	740,000
359,500	780,000
377,500	820,000
395,500	860,000
413,500	900,000
431,500	940,000
449,500	980,000
467,500	1,020,000
485,500	1,060,000
503,500	1,100,000
521,500	1,140,000
539,500	1,180,000
557,500	1,220,000
575,500	1,260,000
593,500	1,300,000
611,500	1,340,000
629,500	1,380,000
647,500	1,420,000
665,500	1,460,000
683,500	1,500,000
701,500	1,540,000
719,500	1,580,000
737,500	1,620,000
755,500	1,660,000
773,500	1,700,000
791,500	1,740,000
809,500	1,780,000
827,500	1,820,000
845,500	1,860,000
863,500	1,900,000
881,500	1,940,000
899,500	1,980,000
917,500	2,020,000
935,500	2,060,000
953,500	2,100,000
971,500	2,140,000
989,500	2,180,000
1,007,500	2,220,000
1,025,500	2,260,000
1,043,500	2,300,000
1,061,500	2,340,000
1,079,500	2,380,000
1,097,500	2,420,000
1,115,500	2,460,000
1,133,500	2,500,000
1,151,500	2,540,000
1,169,500	2,580,000
1,187,500	2,620,000
1,205,500	2,660,000
1,223,500	2,700,000
1,241,500	2,740,000
1,259,500	2,780,000
1,277,500	2,820,000
1,295,500	2,860,000
1,313,500	2,900,000
1,331,500	2,940,000
1,349,500	2,980,000
1,367,500	3,020,000
1,385,500	3,060,000
1,403,500	3,100,000
1,421,500	3,140,000
1,439,500	3,180,000
1,457,500	3,220,000
1,475,500	3,260,000
1,493,500	3,300,000
1,511,500	3,340,000
1,529,500	3,380,000
1,547,500	3,420,000
1,565,500	3,460,000
1,583,500	3,500,000
1,601,500	3,540,000
1,619,500	3,580,000
1,637,500	3,620,000
1,655,500	3,660,000
1,673,500	3,700,000
1,691,500	3,740,000
1,709,500	3,780,000
1,727,500	3,820,000
1,745,500	3,860,000
1,763,500	3,900,000
1,781,500	3,940,000
1,799,500	3,980,000
1,817,500	4,020,000
1,835,500	4,060,000
1,853,500	4,100,000
1,871,500	4,140,000
1,889,500	4,180,000
1,907,500	4,220,000
1,925,500	4,260,000
1,943,500	4,300,000
1,961,500	4,340,000
1,979,500	4,380,000
1,997,500	4,420,000
2,015,500	4,460,000
2,033,500	4,500,000
2,051,500	4,540,000
2,069,500	4,580,000
2,087,500	4,620,000
2,105,500	4,660,000
2,123,500	4,700,000
2,141,500	4,740,000
2,159,500	4,780,000
2,177,500	4,820,000
2,195,500	4,860,000
2,213,500	4,900,000
2,231,500	4,940,000
2,249,500	4,980,000
2,267,500	5,020,000
2,285,500	5,060,000
2,303,500	5,100,000
2,321,500	5,140,000
2,339,500	5,180,000
2,357,500	5,220,000
2,375,500	5,260,000
2,393,500	5,300,000
2,411,500	5,340,000
2,429,500	5,380,000
2,447,500	5,420,000
2,465,500	5,460,000
2,483,500	5,500,000
2,501,500	5,540,000
2,519,500	5,580,000
2,537,500	5,620,000
2,555,500	5,660,000
2,573,500	5,700,000
2,591,500	5,740,000
2,609,500	5,780,000
2,627,500	5,820,000
2,645,500	5,860,000
2,663,500	5,900,000
2,681,500	5,940,000
2,699,500	5,980,000
2,717,500	6,020,000
2,735,500	6,060,000
2,753,500	6,100,000
2,771,500	6,140,000
2,789,500	6,180,000
2,807,500	6,220,000
2,825,500	6,260,000
2,843,500	6,300,000
2,861,500	6,340,000
2,879,500	6,380,000
2,897,500	6,420,000
2,915,500	6,460,000
2,933,500	6,500,000
2,951,500	6,540,000
2,969,500	6,580,000
2,987,500	6,620,000
3,005,500	6,660,000
3,023,500	6,700,000
3,041,500	6,740,000
3,059,500	6,780,000
3,077,500	6,820,000
3,095,500	6,860,000
3,113,500	6,900,000
3,131,500	6,940,000
3,149,500	6,980,000
3,167,500	7,020,000
3,185,500	7,060,000
3,203,500	7,100,000
3,221,500	7,140,000
3,239,500	7,180,000
3,257,500	7,220,000
3,275,500	7,260,000
3,293,500	7,300,000
3,311,500	7,340,000
3,329,500	7,380,000
3,347,500	7,420,000
3,365,500	7,460,000
3,383,500	7,500,000
3,401,500	7,540,000
3,419,500	7,580,000
3,437,500	7,620,000
3,455,500	7,660,000
3,473,500	7,700,000
3,491,500	7,740,000
3,509,500	7,780,000
3,527,500	7,820,000
3,545,500	7,860,000
3,563,500	7,900,000
3,581,500	7,940,000
3,599,500	7,980,000
3,617,500	8,020,000
3,635,500	8,060,000
3,653,500	8,100,000
3,671,500	8,140,000
3,689,500	8,180,000
3,707,500	8,220,000
3,725,500	8,260,000
3,743,500	8,300,000
3,761,500	8,340,000
3,779,500	8,380,000
3,797,500	8,420,000
3,815,500	8,460,000
3,833,500	8,500,000
3,851,500	8,540,000
3,869,500	8,580,000
3,887,500	8,620,000
3,905,500	8,660,000
3,923,500	8,700,000
3,941,500	8,740,000
3,959,500	8,780,000
3,977,500	8,820,000
3,995,500	8,860,000
4,013,500	8,900,000
4,031,500	8,940,000
4,049,500	8,980,000
4,067,500	9,020,000
4,085,500	9,060,000
4,103,500	9,100,000
4,121,500	9,140,000
4,139,500	9,180,000
4,157,500	9,220,000
4,175,500	9,260,000
4,193,500	9,300,000
4,211,500	9,340,000
4,229,500	9,380,000
4,247,500	9,420,000
4,265,500	9,460,000
4,283,500	9,500,000
4,301,500	9,540,000
4,319,500	9,580,000
4,337,500	9,620,000
4,355,500	9,660,000
4,373,500	9,700,000
4,391,500	9,740,000
4,409,500	9,780,000
4,427,500	9,820,000
4,445,500	9,860,000
4,463,500	9,900,000
4,481,500	9,940,000
4,499,500	9,980,000
4,517,500	10,020,000
4,535,500	10,060,000
4,553,500	10,100,000
4,571,500	10,140,000
4,589,500	10,180,000
4,607,500	10,220,000
4,625,500	10,260,000
4,643,500	10,300,000
4,661,500	10,340,000
4,679,500	10,380,000
4,697,500	10,420,000
4,715,500	10,460,000
4,733,500	10,500,000
4,751,500	10,540,000
4,769,500	10,580,000
4,787,500	10,620,000
4,805,500	10,660,000
4,823,500	10,700,000
4,841,500	10,740,000
4,859,500	10,780,000
4,877,500	10,820,000
4,895,500	10,860,000
4,913,500	10,900,000
4,931,500	10,940,000
4,949,500	10,980,000
4,967,500	11,020,000
4,985,500	11,060,000
5,003,500	11,100,000
5,021,500	11,140,000
5,039,500	11,180,000
5,057,500	11,220,000
5,075,500	11,260,000
5,093,500	11,300,000
5,111,500	11,340,000
5,129,500	11,380,000
5,147,500	11,420,000
5,165,500	11,460,000
5,183,500	11,500,000
5,201,500	11,540,000
5,219,500	11,580,000
5,237,500	11,620,000
5,255,500	11,660,000
5,273,500	11,700,000
5,291,500	11,740,000
5,309,500	11,780,000
5,327,500	11,820,000
5,345,500	11,860,000
5,363,500	11,900,000
5,381,500	11,940,000
5,399,500	11,980,000
5,417,500	12,020,000
5,435,500	12,060,000
5,453,500	12,100,000
5,471,500	12,140,000
5,489,500	12,180,000
5,507,500	12,220,000
5,525,500	12,260,000
5,543,500	12,300,000
5,561,500	12,340,000
5,579,500	12,380,000
5,597,500	12,420,000
5,615,500	12,460,000
5,633,500	12,500,000
5,651,500	12,540,000
5,669,500	12,580,000
5,687,500	12,620,000
5,705,500	12,660,000
5,723,500	12,700,000
5,741,500	12,740,000
5,759,500	12,780,000
5,777,500	12,820,000
5,795,500	12,860,000
5,813,500	12,900,000
5,831,500	12,940,000
5,849,500	12,980,000
5,867,500	13,020,000
5,885,500	13,060,000
5,903,500	13,100,000
5,921,500	13,140,000
5,939,500	13,180,000
5,957,500	13,220,000
5,975,500	13,260,000
5,993,500	13,300,000
6,011,500	13,340,000
6,029,500	13,380,000
6,047,50	

ILLUSTRATED

- 4 **SCOREBOARD** 26 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 62 **COMING EVENTS**
 11 **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 35 **FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR** 63 **THE 15TH HOLE**
 48 **PAT ON THE BACK**

AN SI FOOTBALL ROUNDUP

30 **NOW IN NOVEMBER**

SI editors and correspondents present a section-by-section report on the outstanding teams of college football as the autumn winds grow keener and the substitutes shrink to a skeletal few. Plus HERMAN HICKMAN's selections of the country's best linemen and his HUNCHES on the week's winners.

15 **SPECTACLE: FOOTBALL'S GIRLS**

Cheerleading used to be a man's job, but the girls have all but taken over, as these photographs IN COLOR testify.

15 **FROM 'RAH' TO THE SUPERONIC**

A lighthearted survey by MARTIN KANE of the ancient and latter-day history of cheerleading.

32 **THE ANNUAL GINNER AT HAPPY KNOLL**

In another report on his favorite country club, J. P. MARQUAND divulges details of a short, sharp struggle between the youthful forces of progress and the entrenched supporters of tradition.

34 **HUNTING THE PISMO CLAM**

It may sound like loose sport, but there are those who drive 150 miles just for a half hour's digging on this California beach where the world's most succulent clam is found. With a double-page photograph IN COLOR by ROBERT J. SMITH.

38 **THE GREAT HORSE OF THE WEST**

The ubiquitous quarter horse is bred for the open plains, is unsurpassed in a crowd of cattle and is just about unbeatable as a sprinter. HOLLAND MCCOMBS tells about him, with pictures by TONI FREISELL.

52 **PHEASANTS BY THE SCORE**

On Pelee Island in Lake Erie there are more pheasants than almost anywhere, and a phenomenal two-day hunt is staged each year for those privileged to shoot them. GEORGE LAYCOCK reports on it, with three pages IN COLOR by JOHN ZIMMERMAN.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

4 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAL asks members of the New York Touchdown Club: Why are small towns and cities usually better football towns than New York?

37 **Tip from the Top:** NOBEL CHALFANT warns of the dangers in overstudying your putts.

45 **Hickman's Hunches:** Still batting .737, SI's football expert looks ahead to next week's winners.

46 **Column of the Week:** John Gillsby of the Boston Record reports on the new relationship between Vince Martinez and Bill Daly.

48 **Yesterday:** NATHANIEL BENCHLEY, in excerpts from his forthcoming book, recalls the exhausting sporting life of his famous humorist father.



COVER: BOB PELLEGRINI

Photograph by Hy Peskin

Bob Pellegrini, the man with the big white 66 on his red University of Maryland jersey, is not exactly a scholastic type. He doesn't need to be: football is what he lives for, football is his aim in later life and football is all his fans and fellow students ask of him. He gives it to them in stylish fashion, being just about the best center and line-backer in the college game today (see page 45), an easy cinch for All-America. A coal miner's son from Yatesboro, Pa., Pellegrini is a senior this year, happily majoring in physical education and, along with Co-captain Ed Vereb, studying Courtship and Marriage as an elective. Does fairly well, too; last year he had a 2.5 average, equal to C plus.

Acknowledges on page 47

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE YANKEES IN JAPAN

After the dark night of the World Series, Casey Stengel & Co. find adulation—and victory—in the Land of the Rising Sun.

TEXAS GETS INTO THE FOOTBALL CONTROVERSY

Ohio State methods? Ivy Group plan? Neither, says Dutch Meyer, whose unrecruited TCU Horned Frogs play for fun but win a lot of ball games in the process.

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Czechoslovakia's** aging **Emil Zatopek**, annoyed at losing one of his 8 official world distance records, set out to show up starts he is still master, stepped off 25,000 meters in 1:16.84.5 at Celakovice to allow nearly a full second off time posted by Russia's **Alexei Ivanov** last month, once again held firm grip on every mark from six miles to 30,000 meters.

● **Bob Boehm** of **Hendeburg, Calif.** played second fiddle to record-setter **Gene Souza** of **Oakland, Calif.** for few hours, then bounced his 136-cubic-inch boat through **Salton Sea, Calif.** time traps at swift 83.893 mph to shatter Souza's short-standing measured mile world speed standard of 83.3225 mph;

Carl Maginn of **Glendale, Calif.**, competing in **Crackerbox Class**, gunned his little hydroplane *Hot Ice* up to 83.307 mph to better own year-old record, in **National Desert Regatta**.

● **Yale** and **Washington's** **Walter Reed Swim Club** stars took inspiration from former Actress **Esther Williams** on nationally televised program at **New Haven, Conn.**, up to peak of U.S. short-course records. **Yale** quartet of **Jerry Dolbey**, **Charles Hardin**, **Dave Armstrong** and **Sandra Gidenson** churned to mark of 1:44 for 200-yard medley relay while **Walter Reed's** **Shelley Mann**, **Mary Jane Sears** and **Wanda Werner** reeled against clock, posted fast 1:28.2 for women's 150-yard medley relay.

FOOTBALL

Michigan, trailing 14-0 at half, 21-13 at end of third quarter, pulled itself together when sharpshooting **Jim Nardock** threw 67- and 50-yard scoring passes to **Ends Ron Kramer** and **Tom Mauts**, finished off weary Iowa 33-21 on **Tony Branch's** 31-yard dash in closing seconds at **Ann Arbor, Mich.** to remain in Big Ten lead.

Notre Dame, dutifully fired up by memories, celebrated **Kaite Roseme Memorial Game** by shocking **Navy** 21-7 at **South Bend, Ind.** **Notre Dame's Paul Hermann** outclassed **Navy's** **Paul Hermann** in battle of quarterbacks, scored twice, passed to **End Gene Kapish** for second, started on defense to help sailors to first defeat.

Oklahoma, its steady sights set on **Orange Bowl** date, stamped **Kansas State** 40-14 at **Manhattan, Kans.** for 25th straight.

Minnesota's pile-driving **Dick Borsad** plunged for two scores, set up third with blocked kick, led Gophers to satisfying 27-19 triumph over **Southern California** in swirling snowstorm at **Minneapolis**.

Michigan State, looking better every week, turned loose hard-running **Walt Kowalsky** against **Wisconsin**, totted up 27-0 victory at **Madison, Wis.**

Army's **Don Hollider** had his greatest day at quarterback, ran for one touchdown, passed for three others to lead rejuvenated **Cadets** to 27-7 trouncing of **Colgate** at **West Point, N.Y.**

Syracuse spotted **Holy Cross** first-period score, roared back on running of husky **Jim Brown** to batter previously unbeaten **Crusaders** 49-9 at **Worcester, Mass.**

West Virginia's powerhouse rolled up 438 yards on ground, punished **Marquette** 39-0 as **Freddy Wyant**, **Bob Moss**, **Jack Hahblis**, **Joe Papetti** and **Roger Chancey** broke away for long runs at **Milwaukee**.

Maryland kept No. 1 ranking as fast-moving **Ed Verbe** tallied three times to set new **Atlantic Coast Conference** record of 66 points, led **Terrapins** to 27-0 whipping of **South Carolina** at **College Park, Md.**

Georgia Tech's hard-charging line opened gaping holes for **George Vokort** and other backs, helped **Engineers** to 27-0 win over **Stumping Duke** at **Atlanta**.

Gene Newton's quarterback magic and skillful paving guided red-hot **Tulane** to 27-15 upset of **Auburn**, handed **Tigers** first loss at **New Orleans**.

Arkansas moved 79 yards in final minutes, earned 7-7 tie with favored **Texas A&M** at **Fayetteville, Ark.**

UCLA rocked and rolled over helpless **California** 47-0 at **Los Angeles**, moved closer to **Rose Bowl**. **Ronnie Knox** scored twice

against former alma mater, shared honors with substitute **Fullback Doug Peters**.

Cleveland Browns parlayed 60-yard punt return by **Don Paul**, occasional passing victory by able **Otto Graham** into 26-20 victory over **Chicago Cardinals** in mud at **Chicago** to move into familiar terrain—undisputed possession of first place in **Eastern Conference** of **National Football League**.

Ted Weger, burly rookie fullback in lineup after month's absence while nursing broken foot, scored twice to lead **Philadelphia Eagles** to 24-0 shutout of **Pittsburgh** at **Philadelphia**, pushed **Steelers** into second place.

New York Giants, perking up after miserable start, tallied on 98-yard opening kickoff return by **Jim Patton** (who later raced 69 yards after snaring punt), caught fire in second half to romp over **Washington Redskins** 35-7 in **New York**.

Baltimore's sparkling first-year Halfback **L. G. Duper** sprinted 23 yards for touchdown in third quarter, gave Colts hard-earned 14-10 win over **Green Bay Packers**, tie for first place with losing **Los Angeles** in **Western Conference**.

Chicago Bears' sticky-fingered **Horton Hill** took three scoring passes, paced team to 31-20 upset of **Los Angeles Rams** before 69,387 at **Los Angeles**.

San Francisco 49ers tore apart stumbling **Detroit** line, passed over defensive backs to wallop winless **Lions** 34-21 at **San Francisco**. Battering **Fullback Joe Perry** led assault with two touchdowns.

BOXING

Jimmy Slade, slippery heavyweight spoiler, went into ring 6-1 underdog, slashed away at clowning **Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson** for 10 rounds, came out with surprise split decision before 7,797 who paid \$61,066 at **Cleveland**, ruled **Hurricane's** chances for title shot. **Jackson** complained he "couldn't get my arms and legs working right," was packed off to hospital for observation as **Trainer Whitey Bernstein** lamented: "I don't know what happened to the fella."

Vince Martinez, boycott-free welterweight back at work again after making peace with **Manager Bill Daly**, hardly worked up sweat before knocking out **Marlo Terry** in third round at **Boston**.

Nano D'Agata, Italian deal-mate who got himself shot up by business partner earlier this year, was given 603-round **TKO** victory and **European bantamweight** championship when **France's** reluctant **Andre Valmain** was disqualified by referee for using "incorrect tactics" at **Milan**.

Commissioner Julius Helfand, still seeking information about cloak-and-dagger workings of **New York Boxing Managers Guild**, got little information from **Acting President Gus D'Amato** but lifted suspensions of **D'Amato**, **Bobby Melnick** and **Bobby Nelson**, made one more attempt when he ordered **Recording Secretary Andy Niederreiter** to produce elusive records next **Friday** (see page 13).

Gene Tunney, **Mickey Walker** and **Harry Greb** were among 10 former champions elected to the **Boxing Hall of Fame** by 113 sportswriters and broadcasters. Others named: **Benny Leonard**, **Tony Canzoneri**, **Barney Ross**, **Tommy Loughran**, **Jimmy McLarnin**, **Jimmy Wilde**, **Marcel Cerdan**.

HORSE RACING

Prince John, **Elmendorf Farms'** lightly regarded chestnut colt, sprinted into lead at top of stretch, held on gamely as **Jockey Angel Valenzuela** lustily applied whip, edged fast-closing **Career Boy** by scant nose to win \$282,370 **Garden State**, world's richest race, at **Camden, N.J.**, helped mounted 2-year-old picture. Victory was worth spanking \$157,18.50 to **Owner Max Gluck**, \$15,791 to **Jockey Valenzuela**, paid off happy bettors at rate of \$5.0 for \$2.

Mister Guss, fast-moving 4-year-old bay son of **Nasrullah**, responded to **Jockey Willie Shoemaker's** urging, finished strong to take \$100,000 **William P. Kyne Handicap** by 1 1/2 lengths in record-breaking time of 1:47.4 for mile and eighth at **Bay Meadows**, **San Mateo, Calif.**

Nasrulla, another **Nasrullah** offspring, got away slowly, moved into position at proper time, stormed home first by almost two lengths in \$86,760 **Frisette Stakes** for 2-year-old fillies at **Jamaica, N.Y.**

Tuhar, glazeur boy stallion whose purchase from **Agas Khan** for \$700,000 by **Irish National Stud** created political furor in 1953, was sold to 10-man U.S. syndicate for \$672,600, will be shipped to **America** next **June** (see page 12).

BASEBALL

Joe L. Brown, 37-year-old son of **Movie Comedian Joe E. Brown**, was named general manager of cellar-chained **Pittsburgh Pirates**, succeeding expert manipulator **Branch Rickey**, who will continue to serve in advisory capacity. **Brown's** first job will be to find manager to replace **Red Haney** (now coach of **Milwaukee Braves**); his second to get stumbling **Pirates** "back in the race and into the World Series."

Chicago White Sox made first big postseason trade, sent sun-banded **Shortstop**

Chico Carrasquel and fleet Outfielder Jim Busby to Cleveland Indians for power-hitting Outfielder Larry Doby. Vice President Chuck Comiskey, firmly placed in Chisox driver's seat now that Frank Lane has gone, made two-for-one deal, enthused: "The search is over for a long-ball hitter."

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens ran into pair of defeats by Toronto and Chicago, snapped back to edge and tie faltering Detroit 3-2-2, took four-point lead over second-place New York. Chicago and Boston in National Hockey League Improved Chicago Black Hawks whitewashed Boston 2-0, crushed Montreal 4-1 for first victory over Canadiens in nearly three years, then lost to Toronto 2-0. Rangers battered Detroit 6-2 on shaperoooting of Ron Murphy but bowed to Bruins 1-0. Detroit, still trying desperately to get out of unfamiliar cellar, had little to cheer about except 12-year veteran Ted Lindsay, who pushed in 271st goal, cracking Aurel Joliat's record for most goals scored by left wing.

AUTO RACING

Tim Flock, heavy-footed Atlanta racer, drove brother Fenty's 1955 Chrysler 300 to victory in 100-mile grind at Hillsboro, N.C., clinched NASCAR Grand National Circuit championship for this year.

Daimler-Benz, which won world sports car championship with its Mercedes this year, revealed temporary withdrawal from international auto racing "to further development of our production-car program." One rumored reason: Mercedes is concentrating on development of family jet car.

Briggs Cunningham, millionaire sports car builder from Greens Farms, Conn., gave up trying to compete with foreign machines, announced sale of West Palm Beach, Fla. factory.

HARNESS RACING

Gayleway, fast-stepping 5-year-old, was pulled out of pack by Owner-Driver **Clyde Tisher**, went on to upset top-favored **Scott Frost** in first leg of \$75,000 American Classic Harness Trot at Inglewood, Calif.

HORSE SHOW

U.S. equestrian team of Billy Seelkranz, Hugh Wiley and Charles Dennyhy Jr. turned in near-flawless performance to ride off with international jumping low-score championship, also took Col. John W. Wolford Memorial Trophy, two other titles to equal four victories scored by crippled Mexican squad in Pennsylvania National Horse Show at Harrisburg.

MILEPOSTS

DIED—William Woodward Jr., 35, prominent sportsman, socialite and financier; owner of Belair Stud's superb 3-year-old Nashua; from shotgun blast fired by his wife Ann, who sobbingly told police she had mistaken him for a prowler when awakened during night by barking of dog at Oyster Bay, L.I. estate.

DEB—Clark C. Griffith, 85, baseball's shrewd-trading "Old Fox," onetime major league pitcher, manager, owner and president of Washington Senators for 36 years; after illness, at Washington, D.C. (see page 12).

HOW 200 U.S. FOOTBALL TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

[illegible]

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

EASTERN CONFERENCE			
1. Cleveland W-5, L-1, T-0 Pct .833	Chicago Conds 24-30	2. Washington W-3, L-3, T-0 Pct .500	New York 7-25
3. Pittsburgh W-4, L-2, T-0 Pct .667	Philadelphia 0-26	4. Chi. Cones W-2, L-3, T-1 Pct .400	Cleveland 24-26
		5. New York W-2, L-3, T-0 Pct .333	Pitts. 23-27
WESTERN CONFERENCE			
1. Los Angeles W-4, L-1, T-0 Pct .667	Chicago Bears 20-12	2. Green Bay W-4, L-1, T-0 Pct .500	Baltimore 16-14
3. Baltimore W-2, L-2, T-0 Pct .500	San Francisco 14-10	4. Chi. Bears W-3, L-2, T-1 Pct .400	Oakland 33-23
		5. Detroit W-0, L-4, T-0 Pct .000	S. Flors. 21-18

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

ANSWER EACH

ELIEN (private) ROBERTS, Daytona Beach, Fla., 125 m. Lee Kuyk Memorial, on 1/25/40, in Cadillac-powered car. Charlotte, N.C.
JACK HARRISON, W. Newton, Ind. 200-m. new car race on 1/25/55 Ford convertible. Atlanta
GUNCAN BLACS, Perkins, Md. 25-lap Compressor Cap in Under MG Mini. Judy Galtich, special 8 lap race for women with MG race. Upper Marlboro, Md.

BOILING

JOHNIE ROMAN 7 round KO over Kenneth Billy Smith, Milwaukee, Wis. 1940
TILLIE LARSEN 1 round TKO over Pedro Garcia, middleweights, Cleveland
CHARLEY JOSEPH 8 round TWO over Sammy Walker, middleweights, Cleveland
AL ARAGON 10 round KO over Woody Weislow, middleweights, Los Angeles
JOHNIE SUTTON 10 round decision over Jack E. Brown, mainweights, Chicago
LARRY CRAWFORD 10 round decision over Jack E. Brown, mainweights, Chicago
BENNY LUCAS 10 round decision over Jack E. Brown, mainweights, Chicago
ERNEST MC DONALD 10 round KO over Jack Brown, mainweights, Chicago
BERNARD PERLIN 7 round KO over Al Brown, mainweights, Chicago
JOHNIE GONZALEZ 10 round split decision over Luis Perez, lightweight, New York
LARRY LARSEN 10 round decision over Eugene Rhine, lightweight, New York
JOHNIE MICHANOWITZ 10 round decision over Bud Brown, for Two Rounds, New York

Method: Survey

CHIHONG Ting (red Pekingses), best-in-show, Bronx County Kennel Club, New York.

FIELD HOCKEY

ENGLAND, over 15 women's team, 6-0, London

FOOTBALL
Cavaliers Run 1

Montreal 42—Hamilton 10 Toronto 19—Ottawa 13

5 AM

B. J. KRATERT JR., Edinboro, Pa., over John W. Roberts, 1 up, North and South Senior champions, Rutherford, N.C.

NOISE RACE

ROCHESTER \$58,700 Yankee Hardtop, 156 in. by 176 length, in 1 5/8 2/3, Suffolk Downs, E. Boston, Mass. Jorge Contreras ap.

ELIABDOR \$75,000 *Quincy Oaks Woodway*, 116 ac.

RETRIAL Cambridgeshire Handicap Stakes: 1 1/4 m. by neck in 3:30.4.5. Newmarket, England. Peter Robinson on.

REFERENCES

Hull Hockey League			
1. Montreal	Toronto	Chicago	Boston
W 6, L-3, T-2	1-2	1-4	2-1, 2-1
Pts. 14			
2. Toronto	Boston	Boston	
W 6, L-4, T-4	6-2	0-1	
Pts. 10			
3. Chicago	Boston	Montreal	Toronto
W 4, L-5, T-2	2-0	4-1	0-2
Pts. 8			
4. Boston	Chicago	New York	
W 4, L-3, T-2	0-2	1-0	
Pts. 10			
5. Toronto	Montreal	Chicago	
W 4, L-5, T-1	2-1	2-0	
Pts. 5			
6. Montreal	New York	Montreal	
W 2, L-6, T-2	2-8	1-2, 2-2	

[illegible]

WAITING HOME ridden by PEGGY AUGUSTUS, Cohan, Va., confirmation Hunter championship, by 14 votes.

608-7900

PENTATHLON
KONSTANTIN SALINIKOV Retains world modern pentathlon individual championship with 4,493.5 pts. **HUNGARY**, team title with 12,407 pts. Mäskö, Switzerland

SAILING

JOSIEPH C. PHILLIPS, Miami: 1st, West Championship, with 74 pts., N Palm Beach Fla.
LARNA LEE, Shreveport by DUNE DAYTON; 1st Peapack Classic Dinghy Race, Atlantic Coast championship, with 146½ pts., Centerville, I. A.

50-2588

FINLAND, over U.S. team, 4-0, Helsinki.
(American League)
Baltimore Rockets 2—Brooklyn Nepons 1

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions

Why are small towns and cities usually better football towns than New York?
(Asked at a meeting of the N.Y. Touchdown Club)

CLARENCE E. ELDRIDGE, Camden, N.J.

Executive vice president
Campbell Soup Co.



"Because small communities develop a greater loyalty per capita. When I was at Michigan, we had 5,400 in the university and not more than 15,000 inhabitants in Ann Arbor. A highly loyal following developed. Today, Michigan sells out its stadium, 97,000, at least four times a season."

GEN. RODNEY N. SMITH

U.S. Army (ret.) Captain
at West Point, 1967



"There are fewer distractions in a small city, in fact, almost none. And there's no large football stadium in New York. Even so, New Yorkers would support college football if it were big time. Inadequate as is Yankee Stadium, built strictly for baseball, the Army-Notre Dame game filled it."

HENDERSON E. VAN SURDAM

Chairman of the board
N.Y. Touchdown Club



"The greatest city in the world has no great football stadium. With a great stadium, we could stage the biggest football games. Baseball prospers because we have good baseball parks. It's hard to believe that in New York City, Columbia University has the only representative football team."

BOB NALL

Former athletic director
Yale University



"New York is a wonderful town. There's a great deal of competition for one's spare time. Only the really big games will draw here. A very large city cannot create college football atmosphere. New York colleges haven't been able to support their teams and have dropped them, one by one."

ELMER OLIPHANT

Former star Army
halfback



"Because New York is not a college town. In football, there's no substitute for campus life and the college rally. NYU and Fordham gave up. Now Brooklyn College, which hadn't won in 29 straight games, has finally dropped the sport on account of injuries and a lack of skilled players."

CLIFF MONTGOMERY

Captain, Columbia's
1933 Rose Bowl team



"Unfortunately, less than a third of New York's public high schools play football. That's where football enthusiasm should begin. Columbia is the only major college that plays. Our sports pages are full of baseball right into October. More publicity would stimulate and help New York football."

HERMAN NICKMAN

52's football expert



"Because there's more civic pride in a small town, where sports fans know their players intimately and enjoy rooting for them. In a big city, there's such a mixed-up mass that knows so little about sports in general that it is almost impossible to educate and interest them in college football."

RAYMOND L. REEVES, Garden City, N.Y.

Operations manager



"New York City is too big and impersonal. I live in a small school district which supports Sewanhaka High School. My taxes help support school athletics, principally football. Everyone in our school district is proud of our team and thousands flock to the games. That doesn't happen in New York."

CENTURY MILSTEAD



President,
N.Y. Touchdown Club

"New York's school athletic facilities are poor, so that our kids don't get the proper high school spirit that leads to college spirit."

In New York, there's little interest in Saturday high school games because of competition from other events. Why not play on Sunday when parents can go with the kids?"

ART FRENCH



Captain at Harvard,
1938

"There isn't the intense college spirit in New York that exists at typical college towns. Nevertheless, some years back when Ford-

ham and NYU were playing outstanding teams, they drew great crowds. Army v. Notre Dame was always a sellout, in spite of an inadequate Yankee Stadium."

JACK MOHR



Vice president,
N.Y. Touchdown Club

"New York used to be a good football town. Then the Army-Navy game moved to Philadelphia because we have no good stadium, and Army and Notre Dame called it quits. NYU gave up the ghost and Fordham couldn't make the game pay. So the great mass of fans in New York lost interest."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

How do you feel about
the use of motorized carts
on golf courses?

The Standard of Excellence on Two Continents



Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines watches are official for timing major college football games, coast-to-coast—official, too, for the National Football League. For this demanding service, the Longines Referee Chronograph 147T (illustrated) has demonstrated stamina, reliability and accuracy. The same qualities are typical of all watches of Longines manufacture. ¶ No greater proof of quality could be asked than the 10 world's fair grand prizes, the 28 gold medals, the countless observatory honors, which Longines watches have won over the years—an unmatched chronology of achievement. ¶ For your personal use, or as a gift, no other name on a watch means so much as Longines, the world's most honored watch. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to serve you.

Longines Referee Chronograph: widely used by sports car enthusiasts, pilots, etc. Stainless steel, waterproof (when crystal, stem and back are intact). \$150.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1886 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

DO YOU KNOW these important facts about oil additives?

Chemical additives, used by refiners, artificially give high detergency and great film strength to any motor oil. Modern high compression engines demand these qualities to reduce destructive engine "ping," prevent sticking hydraulic valve lifters and minimize wear.

BUT additives can lose their effectiveness—sometimes so rapidly that they are reduced below safe operating limits after only a few hundred miles of stop-and-go driving around town.

Yet your engine needs protection all the time. That's why it needs Macmillan RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty, the oil that gives continuous protection from oil change to oil change.

Macmillan oil is different because Macmillan does not rely on chemical additives alone. Macmillan begins with a special crude oil found in one certain area of the U. S. This crude oil contains a natural solvent and film strength not found in other crudes. These fixed compounds cannot be used up in service because they are part of the oil itself.

Sure, we use additives, too. But when they fade, the natural detergency and high film strength in Macmillan oil continue to protect your engine until your next oil change.

RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty is the only nationally distributed oil guaranteed to reduce destructive engine "ping" and eliminate trouble from sticking hydraulic valve lifters.

Macmillan INC.

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.,
530 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14

**ask for Macmillan
RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty**

at Independent
Stations and
Car Dealers



MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN four color pages next week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will publish the last pictures ever taken by Ylla, the internationally famous photographer of animals. Ylla's accidental death in India last March ended an outstanding career in its prime and brought a sense of almost personal loss to the millions all over the world who had come to know her



through her beautiful, beguiling and painstaking studies of animals in a dozen books and a score of magazines.

Among her fine work in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, readers will probably recall her portfolio of African big game animals (Dec. 6) and the gripping fight between a mongoose and a

cobra (Dec. 20), one of the stories she did for *SI* on the trip which ended in her untimely death.

Other stories which Ylla had already finished before she died and which *SI* plans for publication in forthcoming months include a visit with India's Prime Minister Nehru as he plays with his pet tiger cubs in his private garden; an exciting sequence describing the capture of a wild Indian rhinoceros; and a tiger-hunting safari with Motion Picture Director John Huston, which Ylla photographed from an elephant's back.

On March 29 this year Ylla was photographing for *SI* the colorful events of a provincial fair in Bharatpur—dancing, wrestling and finally a race between bullock-drawn native carts. It is this story which *SI* brings next week. The layout ends with a shot of the race. The moment after she took the picture, Ylla was tossed from the jeep on which she was riding and suffered the injuries from which she died shortly afterward.

Among Ylla's many friends in the world of photography, one was *SI*'s Associate Editor Norton Wood, who met her first some years ago in Paris. This spring in New York it fell to Wood to be among the first to see Ylla's last roll of film. "When we developed the film," he said, "we found the galloping bullocks in one exposure. The next frame on the roll was blank."

It is a blank left by a uniquely vivacious, courageous and skilled photographer.

Harry Phillips

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
FARMER

Henry R. Lane
Roy E. Larson

Managing Editor: Sidney L. James
Asst. Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnston
News Editor: John Tobey

Asst. to the Managing Editor
Henry J. Ramsey

Associate Editors

Robert Cramer, Andrew Crockett, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Perry Knuth, Paul O'Neil, Fred Smith, Jerome Snyder (art direction), Whitney Tower, Herbert Warren Wind, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Kira Blakes, Robert H. Boyle, William Chapman, N. Lee Griggs, Mervyn Hyman, Cole Pinsky, Elaine St. Mass, Dorothy Stall, Jeremiah Tux, Roy Tennell, Reginald Wells, William H. White.

Photography

Picture Editor: Gerald Astor
Staff Photographers: Mark Kauffman, Richard Meek, Hy Peskin.
Assistants: Betty Dick, Dorothy Mees.

Reporters

Homer Fitzgerald (chief), Paul Abramson, Jo Akers, Betty Bravin, Gwilym S. Brown, Ima Chiketas, Alex Higgins, Virginia Kraft Mowen-Lund, Richard Prael, Gilbert Rogers, Kenneth Rudees, Mary Snow, Ana Weeks, Lester Woodcock.

Editorial Assistants

Sherry Keen, Anneliese Mann, Elswace Mikosin.

Production

Arthur L. Brasley (chief), Beatrice Gottlieb (copy desk), Betty De Meester, Robert Lehning, Beatrice Paul, Helen Taylor.

Layout

Alfred Zengaro (chief), William Bernstein, Frank Casardella, Harvey Graf, Martin Nathan.

Administrative Assistants

Maureen Harris, Elisabeth McKenna.

Special Contributors

Robert Harvey Jr., John Bentley, Duane Decker, Herman Harkman, Jimmy Jemal, Victor Kaiman, Bill Mandin, John O'Reilly, Charles Preston, Rudolph Schulberg, H. Allen Smith, Red Smith, Horace Sutton, William F. Talbot, Jerome Weidman, Philip Wylie, Ed Zern.

U. S. & Foreign Bureaus

NEWSPAPERS: Earl Burton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Phoenix, Montreal, Toronto (Gleaner), Long Beach, (Chief of Correspondents)
London, Paris, Bonn, Bern, Madrid, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Hanoi City, Guatemala City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Manfred Gottfried, Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher: H. H. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director: William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U. S., Canada and C. S. Postmaster: Please send \$5.00 for 1 year, \$10.00 for 2 years, \$15.00 for 3 years. All other countries, \$12.00 per year. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to the editorial and advertising managers at: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. and all subscription correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 44, Ill. Changes of address require four weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address request from a recent issue, or else specify how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME Inc. also publishes: YOUTH, LOVE, PENTON, ANTIQUARIAN, FORTUNE and HORSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore, President, Roy E. Larson, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Richard Hark, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles E. Sullivan, Vice President and Managing, D. W. Brundage, Vice President, Bernard Barnes, Allen Givner, Andrew Blomfield, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Latta, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., F. L. French, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.



DOBBS

Gamebird®

WITH FUR-LEI HAND

Another Dobbs exclusive! The unique new fur-lei hand, created especially for the famous cashmere-finish Dobbs Gamebird, gives it character that will appeal to the most discriminating. Wide range of fluttering Fall shades and new dimensions. \$15 and \$20. Other Dobbs hats to \$100. At the better shops.



DOBBS AT THE WALDORF

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER

PARK AVENUE AT 49TH ST. NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Also Available In Canada



"Cooking's easy," says TED WILLIAMS, "with the new G-E Automatic Skillet!"

Thermostat saves constant watching

•

Easy to wash

•

No smoking, no burning

•

Fries...cooks...stews...bakes

ONLY \$19.95*

12" cover \$3.00 extra

Frying and cooking's a cinch with a thermostat to help you.

Like a modern oven, the new General Electric Automatic Skillet lets you dial correct temperatures for different foods—there's a list on the handle.

This means everything tastes better, and fried foods are *always digestible*. (Only when fat gets too hot—begins to smoke—does it become indigestible.)

In addition, the skillet makes delicious stews, pot roasts and upside-down cakes. And it lets you cook and keep foods warm *right at the table*.

Great for gifts, and for yourself—see your G-E dealer soon. Only the General Electric Skillet offers a choice of decorative *twargose* as well as polished cast aluminum. General Electric Co., Small Appliance Div., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

FIGHTING IKE

EVER SINCE he began taking wheel chair excursions to a sun deck at Denver's Fitzsimons Army Hospital, President Eisenhower has been good-humoredly badgering his doctors for a vital piece of intelligence—the date on which he can expect to get his fresh air with a golf club in his hands. Last week the medical men gave him a solid commitment. When Ike gets back to his farmhouse at Gettysburg shortly before Thanksgiving he will have permission to putt on a practice green which the USGA and Washington friends are installing for him. "I'm going," the President said, "to become a very keen short-game artist."

Ike reaped other rewards during the week for the coolness and self-discipline with which he has made his fight against coronary thrombosis. He was allowed to begin walking at will in his room, and his diet was increased from 1,600 to 1,800 calories. Meanwhile the public got visual reassurance of the President's recovery—a smiling Page One photograph of Ike sitting in the sun outside his hospital suite, wearing red pajamas with an embroidered legend, "Much better, thanks," over his heart (see page 26). He was tanned and jaunty; in the words of one cameraman, "clear and bright as a button." Since these good tidings were well reported, and thus available even to horse players, it would seem shortsighted to conclude without touching on a corollary phenomenon which occurred some 2,000 miles east of the President's suite. Bettors allowed a 4-year-old named Fighting Ike to go

off at 28 to 1 in the third race at Jamaica on Friday afternoon—a horrible mistake. Fighting Ike won, naturally, and paid \$57.50.

WOODWARD'S LAST ACT

THE DEATH of William Woodward Jr. (see Mileposts), master of Belair Stud and owner of Nashua, brings to a tragic end the promising career of one of America's most popular and constructive young sportsmen.

Yet, obscured and overshadowed by the black headlines, was an act in which young Bill Woodward participated just a few days ago—one which reflects the same sort of enthusiasm for Thoroughbred racing that Woodward

demonstrated in 1953, when, on the death of his father, he took over the management of one of turfdom's greatest stables. In his last act in behalf of U.S. racing, Woodward joined with a group of fellow sportsmen to buy Tulyar, the 6-year-old prize stallion of the Irish National Stud, from the Irish government.

Tulyar, once owned by the Aga Khan, represents foreign breeding—with its accent on stamina rather than sprint speed—at its best. When the Irish Stud paid the Aga Khan a record \$700,000 for him in 1953 there was a furor in the Dail. One member moaned: "The people cry for milk, and the government gives them a horse." The

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

The week's football made it look like Michigan and UCLA in the Rose Bowl, Maryland and Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. And with All-America End Don Hollender proving he really is a quarterback, as Red Blaik has said all along, another good game is shaping up on the horizon: Army vs. Navy, November 26 in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium.

Horse Racing got a prominent addition to its cast of characters in the \$282,000 Garden State: a picture-running 2-year-old named Prince John who beat 11 other top colts at the New Jersey track. Trainer Walter Kelley of Elmendorf Stable said Prince John will race in Florida this winter. "After that, we might start thinking of the Kentucky Derby."

Baseball began to look forward to a busy winter after the first major postseason deal. The Chicago White Sox, still looking for a

power hitter, got one in Larry Doby. The Indians, in an attempt to plug defensive weaknesses, received two outstanding fielders in return, Chico Carrasquel and Jim Busby. As usual, both teams were happy.

Wes Santee bounced back into the headlines on a point of finance. His suspension by the Missouri Valley AAU for accepting "excessive expense money" in California track meets last spring can be appealed but certainly poses a threat to America's premier miler's hopes of competing in the 1956 Olympics.

Lee Head, able to return a strong "no" to Jack Kramer's original offer of \$45,000 to turn pro, wavered briefly when the ante was hiked to \$50,250, then stood firm. Best bet: after another try at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and the 1956 Davis Cup defense, Head will be ready to listen again—if the offer goes to \$75,000.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 11

purchase never quite ceased to be a political football, and recently the Irish let it be known that Tulyar was for sale. The American syndicate that bought him for \$672,000 last week was headed by A. B. (Bull) Hancock of Kentucky's Claiborne Farm and included beside Bill Woodward such familiar racing names as Ogden Phipps, John Hertz and Harry Guggenheim.

The move that brings Tulyar to the U.S. is the latest and most dramatic example of the determined effort to strengthen Thoroughbred blood lines here. Among Tulyar's distinguished fellow immigrants in recent years have been Naerullah, sire of Nashua, and Khaled, sire of Swaps. When the sale of Tulyar was announced the cries from across the Atlantic were loud and critical. Said Marcus Marsh, his former trainer: "It seems that America is buying all our good classic strains. . . . If it continues America will become No. 1 in the breeding industry."

Young Bill Woodward was doing his best—as his father had done before him—to make America No. 1 in the breeding industry. Two days before his death he gave SI his answer to overseas critics who complain that U.S. capital is destroying the British bloodstock industry. "Horse racing is big business and a big gamble," he said. "If we're in the business we want to be best at it." With typical Woodward enthusiasm he added: "I'm looking forward to the day when some Tulyars run in the Belair silks."

ON TO AUSTRALIA

MORE THAN 1,000 people worked their way into a ballroom in New York City to break bread and listen to speakers at the Olympic Dinner of the City of New York Committee for the 1956 Olympic Games. The purpose of the dinner: fund raising for the U.S. Olympic Committee. The need: well over \$1,000,000 to clothe, feed, house and transport several hundred healthy young American men and women to Italy this January (for the Winter Games) and to Australia just a year from now for traditional main events.

Mayor Robert Wagner proudly announced that the New York Committee had accepted as its quota the sum of \$375,000, almost a third of the total amount to be raised by the National Committee. This drew cheers, but perhaps the best cheers of all were for Sir Percy Spender, the Australian ambas-

sador to the United States. Speaking in Manhattan, an island once sold to newcomers for \$24, Sir Percy allowed himself to hope that the fund drive would not be too over subscribed, for fear "you'll buy our place when you get there." Between bursts of laughter and applause he also made several points: Australia is by nature and custom a friendly country and is (contrary to opinion heard in some corners of the globe) looking forward eagerly to the Olympics; he does not believe (again contrary to some voiced opinion) that the Olympics are by nature belligerent and "have a divisive characteristic"; and he believes that the associations developed at the Olympiads do much more to "advance the course of international understanding than many of the international conferences that I have to attend."

The thousand diners went home filled, it is hoped, with the spirit of friendliness so evident in Percy Spender, as well as with a firm desire to rally round the Olympic Fund Drive.

BASEBALL MAN

IN THE EARLY WEEKS of the 1908 season the New York Highlanders began a nose dive which landed them flat in the American League cellar at the end of June. At which point the manager, who wasn't used to losing, quit. "I'm leaving baseball," Clark Calvin Griffith announced in disgust, "to go live on a ranch in the West."

In later years, after he had learned to lose gracefully, Clark Griffith could grin and explain why he returned: "I just changed my mind," he would say. "And I ain't sorry."



UTILITARIAN

*Our fullback is a powerhouse;
In one way it's a pity;
They beg the lad for kilowatts
To help light up the city.*

—BARNEY HUTCHESON

He had no reason to be sorry. When death came to him last week, he had spent 68 of his 86 years in the game of baseball—and baseball was richer for it.

Clark Griffith was a smart, tough, black-haired kid of 21 when he came up to the big league in 1891, a product of the Missouri badlands. As a boy he had saddled horses for Jesse James, killed a wildcat with a club and learned about the new game of baseball from soldiers returning from the Civil War. When he finally battled his way up through minor league teams in woolly western boom towns, he was ready.

Pitching with his head—and a soft variety of stuff which made him look like an early ancestor of Eddie Lopat or Frencher Roe—he built a record which looked more like that of Robin Roberts. In five of seven years with Cap Anson's Chicago Colts he won 20 or more games, pitching against men with names like Napoleon Lajoie and Willie Keeler. He earned the title of The Old Fox at the age of 25—and pitched himself into the Hall of Fame.

If Clark Griffith hadn't made it one way, he would have another. When Ban Johnson broke away from the National League in 1901, he named Griff his chief recruiter—and in later years Griff said he got every player he went after except a stubborn Dutchman named Honus Wagner. Once he borrowed \$300 from Philadelphia Owner Tom Shibe—and a few minutes later slipped it to Philadelphia's best pitcher, Ed McFarland, to jump over to the American League.

Griffith managed Charles Comiskey's White Stockings to the pennant in the first year of the new league (personally pitching 24 victories) and was tapped by Johnson two seasons later to lead the Highlanders when it was decided the American League needed a team in New York to compete against John McGraw and his Giants.

He went to Washington to manage in 1912—and mortgaged his ranch and shelled out his life savings to buy a 10% interest in the club for \$27,000. It was possible to do that in baseball in those days—but only Griffith, of all the early star players, did it.

So he went down through the years to become one of baseball's most colorful, controversial and beloved figures. He was a friend of more presidents than any man in baseball ("I've known them all since Teddy Roosevelt"); a great supporter of night baseball (after first being opposed); the man who opened up the big leagues to players from Latin America; advocate-in-chief of the game through two world wars.

It was a full life and there wasn't too much he missed. That "one more pennant" he wanted so badly, perhaps.

Or that he failed to live to the age which would match his reputed lifetime batting average—120.

But mostly they remembered something he said last spring while watching a bunch of kids play baseball down at Winter Garden, Florida. It was surely something which told Clark Griffith's story better than the millions of words which the nation's newspapers carried about him last week.

"If you had started playing ball as I did when I was 7 and you still love it at 85," he said, "you'll understand what it has meant to me."

LONG, HARD ROW

WHEN JULIUS HELFAND poked an exploratory finger into the dark doings of the International Boxing Guild and its New York affiliate last spring he set the finger down firmly on a drop of quicksilver. Boxing managers displayed a shifty elusiveness worthy of their finest boxers. In June a succession of them, Guild members all, refused flatly to testify before Helfand's boxing commission. He suspended their licenses. But three of them—Cus D'Amato, Bobby Melnick and Bobby Nelson—relied over the summer and testified recently. Their testimony (SI, Oct. 31) added up to almost total ignorance of Guild affairs.

The commission chairman restored the licenses of the three managers, partly because they had complied with the letter of his requirement that they testify, partly because he did not wish their boxers to suffer. But an additional reason might apply: despite D'Amato's title of acting president, all three are small fry in Guild affairs, which are dominated by Honest Bill Daly, Treasurer of the International Guild and manager of Vince Martinez.

As to Daly, quicksilver shone all around him, too (see page 56). He was suspended for refusal to testify last May. His license expired September 30 and he did not apply for renewal. Until he does apply Helfand is just about powerless to force Daly's testimony.

OSU INVESTIGATES

UNDER the pressure to find and keep first-class football players, Coach Woody Hayes of Ohio State has been making well-intended gifts and loans to some of his men out of the \$4,000 or so he earns from his TV appearances (SI, Oct. 24). Coach Hayes has made

no secret of these gestures, but the Ohio State Faculty Council has now decided to investigate. The practice appears, indeed, to be contrary to the rules of both the Big Ten and the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Insofar as the Council focuses on this one matter it will be investigating only a symptom. The underlying problem, not limited to Ohio State, is the pressure on coaches to win.

ELECTRONIC QUACK

THE early American Indian had a slick and quiet method of hunting ducks—hesimiply put a duckskin (with feathers attached) on his head like a bathing cap, slid silently into the waters of a pond on which a flock of mallards were feeding, swam into their midst, grabbed the nearest by its legs and yanked it under the surface. The white man, with his blunderbuss and blind, kept drier, but he had to get the duck to come close enough to be shot,



and has lured—or tried to lure—his feathered targets into range with decoys and duck calls ever since. Some hunting outfitters, as a matter of fact, offer both in one package—a decoy with a reed caller in its neck and 50 feet of hollow tubing which can be laid under water to a blind. Simply squeeze a bulb and—"Quack!"

Getting ducks in range, however, is not quite as simple as this might make it seem—ducks make all sorts of sounds:

a low chuckle when feeding, a long, slow quacking sound when contented, a squeak of alarm when danger threatens, and the sounds are hard to imitate. Nobody knows this better than a 65-year-old retired Army colonel named Roger Hilsman, who now lives in San Francisco. "I've been hunting ducks since I was 14," he says, "and I can tell you 80% of duck callers run the ducks away. I've seen a good caller take ducks from a poor caller right over the blind." How can a poor caller get ducks? Why, just let Colonel Hilsman do it for him electronically.

The Colonel was a prisoner of the Japanese in the Philippines for three years during World War II and spent a good deal of that time thinking about ducks. Two years ago, as a result, he began manufacturing a 14-pound phonograph unit capable of being lugged into a duck blind and 45-rpm Vinylite records of sprig and mallard calls. The phonograph sells for \$84.50 and the records—which Philco also plans to distribute with a new light battery-powered portable of its own—for \$2.50. So far Hilsman has sold 100 machines and 500 records. Next year he hopes to get out a new six-pound transistor-equipped portable like similar to the Philco machine but equipped with tape and a simple push button to start it—duck hunters get so excited that they have a terrible time setting a needle on a record. He is bullish about the future.

"These calls," he says, "were made by the best callers in California—Cliff Iverson on the sprig and William Crawford on the mallard. And a duck hunter is the craziest baboon in the world."

continued on next page



"I hardly see the point of all this if you don't know the course."

continued from page 13

If it costs \$80 to have the duck on his lap he'll spend it in a minute."

EL RHUBARBO GRANDE

THE DODGER VICTORY in the World Series has had repercussions far beyond the limits of Brooklyn and the adjoining United States, but nowhere has it created quite the rhubarb or raised such grave moral and political issues as in the South American village of Arenal, which lies on the hot plains of Departamento Cordoba in Colombia.

Dodger fans all, the young men of Arenal were so inflamed by the Brooklyn triumph that they had to work off steam by playing ball themselves. Lacking a field, they took over the village plaza, and soon, with the rest of the populace cheering them on, it was for all the world like Brooklyn.

Now the local *covisario* (there are whispers in the village that he was heard to speak well of the Yankees before the seventh game) was gravely upset by all this. He ordered the plaza cleared and the ballplayers locked up in the church overnight. This done, he sat down and wrote out a proclamation: "From this day on it is strictly forbidden to play baseball in the public square of this village since this game conflicts with morality and the good customs and is also noisy. . . . Those who infringe the dispositions of this decree will be bound to the stake for two days in the full sun."

Promptly, the outraged fans took the case over the *covisario's* head to the higher authorities in the departmental capital of Monteria. Just as promptly came a special order authorizing the youth of Arenal to play all the baseball they wanted in the plaza.

The *covisario* appealed the decision, again on moral grounds. "It is intolerable," he declared, "that the baseball boys wear shorts and leave their legs naked in full view of the girls of Arenal, who must be shocked by the display."

It will take time for the appeal to come up in court and meanwhile there is baseball every day in the plaza, with the señoritas cheering on their bare-legged heroes with cries of "¡Joran!"—which is to say, "Home run!" Which is also to say, "Nuts to El *Covisario*!"

VIOLATE—POT III

CONTINUED from last week, here is the latest chapter in the mad, sad tale of Violate Huskings, as

told by pioneering Professor Chace:

Wan moaning, servile wicks letter, Violate worse inner fodder's vestibule guarding darn honor hens an niece, pecking bogsan warms offer vestibules. Soddently shay nudist ansulled badger lose, home pimple cold "Carnal" Gat-retch, combing entity guarding. (Gat-retch worsen rallier carnal—hay worse jester retch oiled stork-barker hoed madder mullion dullards selling storks an barns, an hoe lift inner palatal an luxuriant mention nut far firmer Huskings' form.)

"Gut moaning, Carnal Gat-retch, set Violate respectively. "Europe oily disk moaning."

"Doily board causes a warm?" resplendent Gat-retch wetter wicket charcoal. "Arming oily board—an yore jester putty ladle warm."

"Arm shore yore jest jerking, Carnal," setter gull, wetter moistened blotch. "Warts mar, arm nutty warm—arm Violate Huskings."

"Nutty warm?" aster carnal. "Den water during darn honor bees an niece inner mutton dart? O water sham, water sham, debt search putty ladle wide hens shut bay oil cupboard wet mutton dart! Comb hair, Violate! Lessee dose putty ladle hens! Arm garner trait dose hens mar respectively."

"Jest warts yore porpoise, Carnal?" aster gull. "Jest watcher incinerating?"

"Conjure gas mar porpoise, doling?" whiskered dole stork-barker. "Conjure gas wart arm incinerating? Wail, arm

nutty garner baiter rounder borsch. Heresy hulk think inner nuptial—arm garner gat merit, an yore garner bay Messes Gat-retch. Yore garner heifer palatal an luxuriant mention an storks an barns any cobbie off cattle backs, an yule bay warring Manxan udder gorges closing, an damning an perils an udder jowls. . . ."

Violate shuttered.

"Kip yore Manx and damnings an perils an udder retches, Carnal! Are dun wampum! Are dun wander merry nor bawdy scepter manor luff—an debts Hairy Parkings!"

"Hairy Parkings?" crumpled Gat-retch, wetter snare honors phase. "Wathor wander merry debt end-bustle fur? Hairy's jester bomb?"

Trampling wet indication, Violate stupid darn, pecked upper bag hen-furl off dart and flunk disk dart nat inner oiled stork-barker's phase.

"Gat otter mar fodder's vestibule guarding!" erater gull. "An dun comb beck!"

"Hoecake, hoecake," murdered Gat-retch, "bought lessen hair, gull, yore garner heifer chamer mine! Arm garner torque baseness wet yore fodder. Arm garner muck yore fodder servile ladle prepositions. An arm garner bay yore horseshorn!"

Fleshed wet anchor, an crumpling tomb self, Gat-retch win beck tutor Huskings' horse toe torque tutor stenchy oiled mousser.

(Neeks weak: fine alleg.)

SPECTACLE

FOOTBALL'S GIRLS

Still a man's game, football has been infiltrated in recent years by pretty girls whose charms brighten half-time shows

In the South and Far West, where the sun is dependably bright and warm during most of the football season, the half-time gap once filled by the parading of male students now presents the eye-filling skill of pretty coeds like Carol Card. Carol is a Spartanette, one of six San Jose State College "song-girls" whose syncopated routines in song and dance typify the modern girl's contribution to gridiron entertainment. Without a formal dance instructor, the Spartanettes practice every afternoon to phonograph records and improvise their own steps. Nevertheless the routines of this hyperthyroidal sextet are exciting and professional in finish. Carol, who is 5 feet 2, weighs 118 pounds, majors in radio and television. No longer is half-time a mere matter of marching bands, mascots and the singing of Alma Mater. It's girls, as well.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LYON



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN



The gymnastic simplicity of her bright red costume sets off the complicated baton-twirling and acrobatics of Beverly Woolley of Santa Ana (Calif.) High School between the halves of Los Angeles Coliseum game





The military tradition is served grandly
at Ole Miss, where epaulets and plumed hats
are worn by the Rebel Band Majorettes,
pride of the University of Mississippi



A line of Redondo (Calif.) High girls
shakes white pom-poms in rhythmic display
of skill at Los Angeles Coliseum



"Band Day" at Duke Stadium, Durham crowds half-time gridiron with prancing girls and blaring bands from 18 high schools of North Carolina and neighboring states

FROM 'RAH' TO THE SUPERSONIC

by MARTIN KANE

WHEN MEN GRANTED suffrage to women it was a time when all football cheerleaders were men. They wore sweaters and white flannels, carried megaphones and used fine stentorian voices to exhort the crowds. The crowds responded in rhythmic male choruses of "rah!" and "fight!" There were in those days neither public-address systems nor girl cheerleaders nor prancing majorettes. A football field was not yet the setting for a TV Spectacular with routines by a Jackie Gleason chorus. Women went to the games only to wear yellow chrysanthemums and attend fraternity dances afterward. Very likely they were bored by everything else. But now the times have changed, and maiden-aunt types who would not know a long cheer from a short beer, much less recognize a pitchout, are enthralled each football weekend by cheers and half-time shows both in rock-and-roll rhythm and with star billing for a line of girls doing a fast and leggy cancan. Quite a few men seem to like this too.

Let anyone think that the college directors of such performances have thought to sex up the gridiron, one sincere director has observed: "They're the sort of girl an older man in the stands would be proud to have as a daughter." And as one grandstand father has observed: "Gawd, they're terrific. And nice legs—all of them."

Cheerleading had its primitive beginning in 1898, an inspiration of the moment in the life of a Minnesota student named Johnny Campbell who hopped out of his grandstand seat and, in a frenzy of euphoria, capered before the student body with shouts of "Rah, rah, rah, Minnesota!" Thus Johnny Campbell became our first cheerleader. Or so says Lawrence Herkimer of Dallas, who is founder of the National Cheerleaders Association and very likely the only man who earns a living solely by teaching the art of cheerleading. He teaches some 15,000 cheerleader fledglings a year, had 1,600 students at his last clinic and counts 4,000 members in his association. The little seed sown by Johnny Campbell has grown and flourished into something he did not contemplate.

Many of Herkimer's pupils are girls. Girls in coed colleges almost everywhere have become cheerleaders of equal status with men. They mark modern football as the Florida sextette marked an era on the stage. There is a similarity in this. Girls are responsible for the chorus-dance innovation which has swept the stadiums of the country in recent years, introducing bigger, more elaborate presentations every fall. Mississippi Southern now has 30 Dixie Darlings in scanty outfits of black and gold. At Oregon City there are the 17 Famous Dancing Majorettes, who

wear dazzling halter-necked costumes of sequin-trimmed red velvet, white boots and very brief flared skirts. They are backed by a drill unit of 49 girls (The Forty-Niners), so popular that they were drafted for half-time duty at the Oregon State-Stanford game this fall. The Forty-Niners' number began with the chorus garbed in breakaway Indian (for Stanford) costumes. At the University of Washington the coeds ride around in a purple and gold '56 Dodge rally car, looking pretty and swaying pompons like mad. The cancan is performed at Oregon State.

There are still some coed schools where cheerleading is restricted to men—Michigan and Wisconsin, for example—and this year the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, which admitted coeds in 1794, dropped its girl cheerleaders. There is, however, no dangerous trend away from girls. On the contrary, Michigan State accepted women cheerleaders for the first time last year and the University of California turned to pompon girls in 1953. Girls have penetrated the cheerleading department in conservative New England coed schools. At Boston University there is a mixed group of cheerleaders—five men and five women—as well as a 120-piece band featuring five majorettes and 100 pompon girls. Massachusetts State has 10 majorettes dressed as Indians in tight-fitting buckskins and feather headpieces.

There is a general agreement among critics of the cheerleading art that, while the girls do wonderfully well at baton twirling, pompon waving and in high-stepping dance numbers, they lack the commanding presence of men when it comes to leading cheers. A male student looking at a girl cheerleader will open his mouth, to be sure, but may do so soundlessly. Nor are girls capable of such acrobatic stunts as are performed at Georgia Tech and Michigan, both of which have fine gymnastic teams and recruit cheerleaders therefrom. Or at Army, where the rigid bodies of cheerleaders are passed down, hand over hand, from top to bottom of the cheering section. Or at the new U.S. Air Force Academy, where cadets do somersaults from trampolets (similar to springboards).

Nothing walks like a girl, and so they do fine in the half-time drilling department, which is entertainment of spectators as distinguished from cheerleading, which is a call to arms. For one thing their voices, even when aided by loudspeakers, lack the quality of command. Their gestures are too pretty. They can't even look fierce.

Nor have girls shown much inventiveness in cheerleading. All the essential innovations have been by men. Linsley

continued on page 50

NOW IN NOVEMBER

College football enters its final month, with Oklahoma, Maryland and Michigan still supreme, but coast to coast the Saturday surprises continue to roll in

FOOTBALL is now six weeks old, give or take a week for some colleges, and entering the Month of Truth (November) for howl aspirants, conference leaders and just plain teams that want to beat the traditional rival in the Big Game. In the Middle West, where the word "de-emphasis" is as un-American as commissars, crowds of better than 80,000 scramble for tickets to see a great power like Ohio State gobble up a comparative weakling like Northwestern, because college football is still the greatest sport and the highest form of entertainment between the Rockies and the Appalachians. In contrast, the Ivy League is proudly returning the game to the students but still having fun at it and drawing the kind of crowds that help support the rest of their sports.

The pattern of superiority has now begun to take form, and it is already possible to foresee a few bowl finalists for

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

	POINTS
1. Maryland	1884
2. Oklahoma	1852
3. Michigan	1774
4. Michigan State	1212
5. UCLA	1213
6. Notre Dame	1207
7. West Virginia	869
8. Georgia Tech	597
9. Navy	395
10. Texas Christian	282

this coming January 2. Maryland and Oklahoma are moving unwaveringly towards their biennial meeting at the Orange Bowl, while UCLA and Michigan edge towards the Rose Bowl with almost the same inevitability.

The season's big stars have already fixed their names in the headlines with the help of the less spectacular but equally important linemen (see page 83). The T-quarterbacks—Hornung of Notre Dame, Welsh of Navy, Hollister of Army; the brilliant runners—Barr of Michigan, Arnett of Southern California, Swink of Texas Christian, Brown of UCLA; the sticky fingered ends—Lundy of Purdue, Schnellberger of Kentucky; these are just a smattering of the All-American entries.

To bring some order out of each week's statistics, the Associated Press polls sportswriters from coast to coast. For their ratings at midseason, see box above.

IN THE EAST: BATTERED NAVY STILL SAILS AHEAD

by ALFRED WRIGHT

At South Bend Notre Dame gave Navy a pasting, indicating that eastern football—where Navy is tops—looks better in the East

A GAME between Navy and Notre Dame seldom achieves the status of a football climacteric. The last time it did so was back in the middle of Hitler's war when the Naval Academy was so well stocked with players it looked more like a football academy. That was the fourth and last time Navy has won in this 29-year rivalry—if such ill-matched teams could properly be called rivals. But 1955 was to be different. Navy had George Welsh, a splendid 165-pound quarterback who is able to do all things the bigger boys can do and usually better. It had End Ron Braggle, winner of last year's Maxwell Award as "the outstanding college football player." With five convincing wins in its duffel, Navy went to South Bend last week as the recognized leader in eastern football. It

would there answer the question: Is it safe now for a really good eastern football team to cross the Ohio and invade the Midwest without, say, a regimental escort of marines?

It took little over 15 minutes for the 59,475 wet, chilly, happy fans—the largest home crowd in Notre Dame history—to learn that the answer is no, it isn't safe. By the start of the second quarter the precisely drilled Midshipmen had used all the important threats they had stocked in their hold. Taking the ball at midfield, Welsh moved his team within 22 yards of a score, passing to Beagle and Halfback Chet Burchett. Then a long, wobbly Welsh pass was picked off by Paul Hornung, the tall, curly-headed Irish quarterback who is as severe on defense as he is unrelenting on attack.

From his own one-yard line Hornung moved his team out of danger, sometimes handing off to Don Schaefer, his fullback, sometimes faking the hand-off and himself thudding through the left side of his line where Guard Pat Bisceglia and Tackle George Nicula were providing ample running room. They were not big gains—four, five, seven yards at a try—but they sustained a momentum. Once, after two incomplete passes, Notre Dame seemed to have stalled on the Navy 37 with fourth down and six yards to go. Hornung chose to gamble, faking a handoff and using his big legs to drive him the necessary seven yards. Six plays later Hornung pushed his way into a blue mass of Navy at the goal line and fumbled the ball into the waiting arms of Halfback Jim Morse for the first



By Paul



NOTRE DAME 21

NAVY 7

Billed as a battle of top quarterbacks, the game was decided by the aggressive play of the stronger Irish line. Notre Dame's Paul Hornung (top) drives between Navy Guards Tony Stremic (51) and Vernon Dander (63). Stremic and Dander (bottom) provide no opening for teammate George Welsh (11).

touchdown. Accidental or opportunistic, this fumble indicated Hornung's and Notre Dame's ability to get what they wanted. What they got on this day was a plodding, unspectacular, unsuspenseful 21-7 victory over a Navy team that belonged in the East where it is still probably the best of the lot.

Despite the efficiency and handiwork of such polished quarterbacks as Hornung and Welsh, this game was played and won in the obscure tangles of the line play. Notre Dame's young Coach Terry Brennan was quick to point this

out. "These guys opened up the holes, and we controlled the ball," he said. Then he finally conceded what much of the country has been saying all along: "Paul Hornung is a real quarterback for my dough. George Welsh is a good quarterback, but I'll still take Hornung." Read Welsh for Hornung and vice versa, and you have exactly what Navy's Coach Eddie Erdelatz said about his man, except that he added, "Remember, our boy doesn't have those big 215-pound linemen to open up holes for him."

Assuming, as one must, that Navy is still the class of the East, what of the others? Well, Yale and Princeton, both 4-0 in the Ivy Group, intend to settle that title among themselves on Nov. 12. And then there is Army, which surprised everyone by using All-America End Don Hollender as a quarterback this year. This experiment, obviously aimed at ending Navy's recent domination, is still in the laboratory, but if it succeeds by Nov. 26, then Army will have relieved Navy of a somewhat tarnished sectional title.

IN THE MIDWEST: IT'S MICHIGAN—AND STATE

by JIM ATWATER

LATE last Saturday afternoon an ecstatic old grad leaped shouting to his feet in the Michigan stands and with a grand gesture pulled off his gray fedora and sent it soaring out over the crowd. Down on the field Michigan End Tom Maents had just caught a pass and sprinted 25 yards for the key touchdown of his team's stirring last-quarter rally that beat Iowa 33-21.

The game was enough to make anyone flip his lid. Coach Forest Evashevski had his big Iowa players so emotionally high for the game they might have flunked the saliva test en masse. As a national audience gaped at its TV sets, Iowa's robust linemen shoved favored

Unbeaten Michigan moved closer to the Rose Bowl with one of the season's greatest comeback victories against upset-minded Iowa

Michigan all over the field in the first two periods, left the field with a 14-0 lead. On the sidelines Michigan Coach Bennie Oosterbaan chewed gum, smoked cigarettes and morosely stalked the grass.

As the Michigan band imitated an auto assembly line at half time, a lot of people said aloud what they had been thinking all season: Oosterbaan's team was overrated. Michigan had squeezed past Michigan State by one touchdown, struggled with weak sister Northwestern and beaten Minnesota by a single point. Now sturdy Iowa was popping the Michigan myth.

In the dressing room at half time Oosterbaan talked mostly about plays

and then said quietly that Michigan could still win. Iowa scored only once more, while Michigan exploded an awe-some offensive for five touchdowns in 23 minutes. "We knew we had to get hot to win," said Halfback Tony Brannoff. "We just yelled, that's all."

The team that yelled Saturday afternoon as the nation watched is resourceful and resilient. All season long Michigan has made the big play—a blocked placement, a recovered fumble, a long pass. Fielding Yost, the father of Michigan football, had an axiom for this type of play that Oosterbaan still quotes. "Backbone," Mr. Yost would say, "is better than wishbone."

The backbone of Michigan's attack against Iowa was its magnificent ends—Ron Kramer and Tom Maents, who must be the best pair in college football. Playing together for the first time this season because of injuries, Kramer caught one touchdown pass and Maents caught two as Michigan suddenly developed a passing offensive. Up front the two fine Michigan lines finally wore down weary and outmanned Iowa.

Looking back, Michigan's 14-7 victory over Michigan State early in the season may be the key to the Rose Bowl. Since that game Michigan State has been superb. Coach Duffy Daugherty has fashioned the best backfield in the conference, knocked off Notre Dame 21-7 and last Saturday trounced a good Wisconsin team 27-0. But when the two met, Michigan was more resourceful, turned a blocked punt and an intercepted pass into touchdowns and took a giant step toward the Rose Bowl.

Michigan plays three more conference games. By winning two of the three, Michigan is almost certain to go to the Rose Bowl, even if Michigan State also finishes the season with only one conference loss. Big Ten athletic directors would undoubtedly choose Michigan because of its earlier victory over State and the fact it played seven conference games to State's six. Even noncommittal Bennie Oosterbaan admits Michigan has quite a team. Did his boys finally reach their full potential in the rally against Iowa? Oosterbaan grinned broadly. "Let's say," he said, "that they played a fine second half."



MINNESOTA 25
SOUTHERN CAL 19

Dragged down by a Minnesota tackler, star Trojan Back Jon Arnett found the Gophers and a strange element known as snow too tough a combination to beat at Minneapolis.



**UCLA 47
CALIFORNIA 0**

Ripping off 19 yards around right end behind the blocking of teammate Doug Peters, UCLA Tailback Sam Brown showed downtrodden California early in the first quarter one of the big reasons why the Bruins are among the nation's best—and remain top-rated on the West Coast.

ON THE WEST COAST: UCLA IS SNIFFING ROSES

While Southern Cal was losing in the midwest cold, Ronnie Knox guided UCLA to a one-sided victory in the California sunshine

by JAMES MURRAY

THE TEMPERATURE was in the 90s, a benign sun shone down from a cloudless sky and the field, which hadn't been rained on in six months, was fast and ready. It was altogether a remarkable day in Los Angeles for a football game. The California-UCLA contest only superficially resembled one.

The score was UCLA 47, California 0. It was such a rout that Harvey Knox, the State of California's most famous football father, announced after the game that Cal had fielded "a bunch of Rinky Dinks."

It was certainly one of the worst California teams anybody ever saw. The score was 7-0 almost before the officials had time to throw the kickoff tee off the playing field. Cal got the ball to start, but UCLA took it away from them on the very first play on a pass interception. From there UCLA virtually walked the ball into the end zone in six plays.

Ronnie Knox took over as the first quarter ended and when he was smeared on his first play, the dramatists in the

press box sat up and hoped maybe Cal would be fired up enough to try to demolish at least this turncoat who had played frosh football with them before defecting to the enemy. But Knox coolly crashed for 12 yards on the next play and, before the day was over, had scored two touchdowns, completed six of 10 passes for 80 yards and run for 24 more.

"One of these days," said California Coach Lynn Waldorf afterward, "we got to get back into this conference. . . . UCLA and USC are so much stronger than anybody else in the league, it's pretty much a two-team show."

This year a surprising Washington managed to startle the country by walloping Minnesota 30-0 and edging Southern Cal in the mud 7-0. But Saturday the Huskies lost to Oregon State by a score of 13-7 and must still play UCLA on November 12 in Los Angeles. As Pappy Waldorf said, the conference is a two-team league and its championship will be decided

November 19 between USC and UCLA.

They are both good football teams and both might be undefeated if the sun always shone elsewhere as it does in their homeland. UCLA, with Knox and Tailback Sam Brown and two outstanding fullbacks in Bob Davenport and Doug Peters, has lost only to Maryland 7-0 in the rain. USC, with more depth and more speed and one of the country's finest backs in Jon Arnett, has been erratic—and doesn't like bad weather either. After beating a very good Big Ten team, Wisconsin, 33-21 two weeks ago, the Trojans lost to a less impressive one, Minnesota, by a 25-19 score in a snowstorm which swept across Minneapolis on Saturday.

The Trojans can't play in the Rose Bowl this year, anyway, since they represented the conference there last season. So the question appears to be not whether UCLA can beat USC November 19 but whether UCLA can beat Michigan or Michigan State in the Rose Bowl January 2.

IN THE SOUTHWEST: OKLAHOMA ON THE WARPATH

While the unbeatable Sooners continue their march to the Orange Bowl, the Southwest Conference returns to a state of normalcy—after confusion

by FRANK McCULLOCH

WITH BOTANICAL and climatic illogic, a north wind came whistling down across the prairies of Oklahoma this week, bringing with it the unmistakable smell of orange blossoms.

The scented air rolled into the Southwest from Manhattan, Kansas and, to football fans of the Big Seven Conference, it made sense. For it was at Manhattan Saturday that Coach Bud Wilkinson's coldly efficient Oklahoma Sooners brushed aside another obstacle in their march toward the Orange Bowl—and another unbeaten season.

The 40-7 thrashing that spoiled a homecoming celebration for Kansas State hardly came as a surprise. But the methodical, machine-like manner in which Wilkinson's wreckers ground Kansas State to bits conjured up frightful visions of an apparently inevitable clash between Oklahoma and Maryland at Miami January 2.

Between Oklahoma and the Orange Bowl stand only three more conference foes: Missouri, Iowa State, Nebraska. An upset of the Sooners by any one of the three would be the biggest reversal of form since David took Goliath.

Against Kansas State, Wilkinson's biggest problem was how to keep the score from mounting to embarrassing heights. His first stringers rolled 77 yards to score the second time they got their hands on the ball. It was 21-0 at the end of the first quarter; then the second string took over to make it 33-0 at the half and 40-0 early in the third quarter. Kansas State and the rest of Oklahoma's bench played on even terms the rest of the game.

It is difficult to say whether this is the greatest of the Oklahoma teams Wilkinson has coached. Bud himself isn't sure. But the key to their success remains the same as in seasons past: superlative physical condition, a savage line, great team speed, cool and capable split-T quarterbacks supported by a host of power runners, unceasing pressure on both offense and defense and—above all—a burning desire to win. Wilkinson's own favorite

term for this attitude is "intensity."

"If we can maintain our intensity," he says, "we may be able to go on winning."

Meanwhile everything returned to painful normalcy in the Southwest Conference. After Saturday there was not a clear-cut favorite in the league.

Immediately responsible for this typical state of affairs were a couple of upsets: Arkansas's 7-7 tie with rollicking young Texas A&M and suddenly scary Texas' 19-18 squeak over Southern Methodist. The results left the Aggies still in the lead with a record of two wins, no losses and a tie, but breathing hard on their necks were half the teams in the conference: Texas Christian, Texas and SMU.

TCU, which many still consider the best in the conference despite its 19-16 loss to the Aggies two weeks ago (SI, Oct. 17), hasn't lost another game all year. Saturday the massive TCU line pushed Baylor all over the field, sent its fine halfback, Jim Swink, streaking for a 68-yard touchdown and walked off with a 28-6 victory.

But the real story was unfolded before a howling mob of 27,000 homecoming Arkansians at Fayetteville when Bear Bryant's eager Aggies failed to achieve the razor-sharp edge they had demonstrated in winning five straight games. Arkansas's "pigeon-toed" T-formation caught A&M flatfooted and the Razorbacks ran the Aggies bowlegged in the second half. After it was over, Fayetteville, a pretty little mountain town of 7,000 fewer souls than jammed their way into Razorback Stadium, rocked and rolled with joyous abandon far into the night.

Playing against a fired-up Arkansas team, A&M had no reason to apologize for the tie: the two teams ran a statistical dead heat and were as evenly matched as the score indicated. But inevitably the question arose: What happened to the Aggies?

Bear Bryant had only one answer: "We spent too much time reading our press clippings."



ARKANSAS Quarterback George Waller hands off to Henry Moore against Texas A&M.



OKLAHOMA linemen stream through to recover a loose ball in Kansas State territory.



GEORGIA TECH Halfback Stan Flowers swivels past Duke tackler in South's big game.

DOWN SOUTH: GEORGIA TECH JOINS THE BIG THREE

by LEE GRIGGS

IT WAS ALL over before it had really begun. What had been billed for weeks as the South's game of the year turned into a shambles out of which Georgia Tech's precision-drilled Yellow Jackets emerged as one of this section's three teams of national stature.

The 40,000 astonished witnesses who crammed into huge Grant Field, the sunken concrete horseshoe on the flats outside Atlanta's business district, watched Georgia Tech outplay humbling Duke with a finality which not even the 27-0 score indicates.

Until Saturday the South had three real football teams—Auburn, Maryland and West Virginia—a trio of ground-gulping land juggernauts that could battle anyone on even terms. Now there are still three but Tech has replaced Auburn. The Plainsmen, only team to beat Tech all year (by two points), were inconspicuously trampled by unranked Tulane 27-13.

Georgia Tech, without the steam-roller characteristics of either Maryland or West Virginia, is a solid team. It has a small but fast and agile line, competent quarterbacking and ball carriers who run with both power and agility. The Yellow Jacket superiority

The Rambling Wrecks smothered highly-rated Duke and—with West Virginia and Maryland—formed a southern triumvirate capable of tackling anyone

over Duke (which was unbeaten until losing to Pittsburgh only the week before) was absolute. Duke didn't make a first down until late in the second quarter, never moved past its own 36 in the first half.

Duke fumbled on the game's third scrimmage play; Tech recovered and had a touchdown five plays later. Duke took the ensuing kickoff, had to punt on fourth down and two plays later, Tech scored again. The time: 7:10 of the first quarter. Duke was beaten then. The last quarter scores were mere window dressing. It was that simple.

While Georgia Tech was plastering the Blue Devils, Maryland and West Virginia continued to roll on toward unbeaten seasons—and also helped to bring the southern football scene into sharper focus. Maryland, the only real power in the Atlantic Coast Conference now that Duke is through, breezed past helpless South Carolina 27-0 and headed for an Orange Bowl date with Oklahoma. West Virginia, easily the class of the downtrodden Southern Conference (three of the teams haven't even won a game), continued to sail through a schedule which is something less than awe-inspiring

and trampled hapless Marquette 39-0.

But the Grant Field massacre and Auburn's loss to Tulane did even more to clear up the picture, proving at least three points: outside of Maryland and West Virginia, no other team from the section's other leagues can compete against the Southeastern Conference; any SEC team, on any given day, can beat another; Georgia Tech is in the best position to win the blue ribbon—and a trip to the Sugar Bowl.

Auburn, tied by Kentucky in early season, may have lost its chance with the Tulane setback, for now Georgia Tech would have to lose one of its three remaining conference games (with Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia), which is unlikely. Mississippi and Mississippi State still have a chance to tie, but Mississippi State must play vengeful Auburn this weekend and Ole Miss at the end of the month. Mississippi, which plays neither Tech nor Auburn this year, just doesn't measure up to either in overall stature. The others are out of it although they are capable of causing havoc for the leaders.

So it looks like Georgia Tech. But then last week it looked like Auburn. In this league you never know.

THE OUTSTANDING LINEMEN IN COLLEGE FOOTBALL

by HERMAN HICKMAN

After the test of a half-season's play, SI's football expert selects a baker's dozen of the heroes who help produce the headlines

Throughout the 1955 season *Herman Hickman*, himself an ex-All-American guard, has been closely watching his favorite football players, the seldom-sung heroes of the line. Largely on the basis of personal observation, he has picked those he considers outstanding—men whose names rarely make the headlines, but whose deeds most certainly help to produce them.

TODAY'S line play is a far cry from the days when a guard was classified as "a fullback with his beans knocked out." The requirements of modern day football may be more demanding, mentally at least, for line-

men than backs. This is especially true in the past few years since the demise of the offensive and defensive specialists. Offensive line play is unnatural, and only through continuous drills and incessant work on fundamentals can the proper habits be established.

Individual defensive play is more simple and natural, but team defensive play has become complicated to the nth degree. I used to have a Hickman original that went: "The ultimate in defensive line play is to attain and maintain a specified position until the ball is definitely located, then go to it with the least possible delay and make the tackle for a minimum gain." After

exploding this rather verbose pronouncement, I would turn and walk away. But in essence it is the basis for all defensive line play.

Linemen of the present are for the most part larger and more agile than their counterparts of even 25 years ago. The current crop of linemen must be rated the best yet. Enough time has elapsed to weed out the specialists of the two-platoon era and develop the all-round player who can go equally well on offense or defense.

Most of the linemen I have selected have been seen in action, in practice, and have been studied in game films. These observations have been

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

A President, a golfer, a campus queen and a skier appear in public, awaking memories and suggesting new sports triumphs and pleasures

SPORTSMAN NO. 1 SAYS 'MUCH BETTER, THANKS'

President Eisenhower, looking surprisingly fit, poses for his first closeup since his heart attack. His first unofficial guest was his old golfing companion, Clifford Roberts (below, second from left), who made up part of a memorable foursome in Georgia last spring.



MR. ROBERTS, BILLY JOE PATTON AND CARY MIDDLECOFF (51, APRIL 25) AS THEY PLAYED A ROUND OF PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE GAME AT AUGUSTA



**GOLFER
ZAHARIAS SWINGS**

Showing heartening progress after second cancer ordeal, Babe Zaharias shoots par for nine holes at Tampa.



**SKIER KINMONT
EXERCISES**

Fighting paralysis, Jill Kinmont uses tilt board to exercise her abdominal muscles, is determined to ski again.



**HOMECOMING QUEEN
SIGNALS AUTUMN'S PEAK**

University of Illinois Queen Daek Chook Oh of Korea (center) and her court reign for homecoming as football reaches midseason and each week brings a "big game," a formal dance and a bevy of queens.



THE RUN FOR THE MONEY

A dozen of the country's top 2-year-olds battle for history's richest turf prize and a handsome chestnut long shot named Prince John is the big surprise

ARDEN STATE PARK



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MEEK

As the field of 12 Thoroughbred 2-year-olds broke from the post in the Garden State last Saturday they had a mile and a sixteenth to go for racing's richest purse: \$282,370, with \$157,918.50 as the winner's share. The early leaders were the Futurity winner, Nail

(post position 1), Polly's Jet (4) and Bold Bazooka (2). Meanwhile a 24-1 shot named Prince John (3) lay fourth as its field swept up the backstretch. At the eighth pole Prince John startled the 45,000 spectators by taking the lead. Fighting off the challenges of

Career Boy (8) and Needles (6), Prince John hung on to win by a nose. Triumphant Owner Max Gluck praised Trainer Walter Kelley. Kelley praised Jockey Angel Valenzuela, who turned the usual loser's phrase into the crack of the week: "I had no excuses."

SPIRIT AND STEEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAMILTON MILLARD

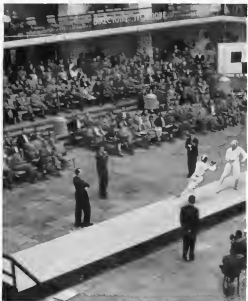


CHAMPION JOZSEF GYURICZA OF HUNGARY DOFFS MASK



CHRISTIAN D'ORIOLE OF FRANCE, FORMER MEN'S FOIL CHAMPION.

LUIGI NARDOZZI OF ITALY AND ALADAR GEREVICH OF HUNGARY MEET





LUNGES TOWARD BLANCO OF COLOMBIA

WITH SABERS BEFORE PACKED GALLERY



Rome rings with the clash of swordplay as 300 of the world's best fencers duel with foil, saber and épée. Despite brilliant work of French and Italian fencers, world team title went to Hungary



FOIL CHAMPION LIDIA GONDOLAI, 13, OF HUNGARY AWAITS HER MATCH



THE ANNUAL DINNER AT HAPPY KNOLL

Should it be streamlined? Never, says Roger Horlick firmly in this report of a struggle with the upstart younger set

by J. P. MARQUAND

A letter to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus of the Happy Knoll Country Club, from Mr. Roger Horlick, member of the Board of Governors, regarding plans for the Annual Dinner.

Dear Albert:

When you see the date on this letter, you can doubtless guess why I am writing you. Three weeks from tomorrow evening the Happy Knoll Country Club will hold its Annual Dinner. I suppose it has been given this title to differentiate it from other seasonal festivities which are beginning to project our manager, Mr. Bedard, into serious psychosomatic difficulties, besides threatening to give many members, including myself, symptoms of sclerosis of the liver. I refer specifically to the Midsummer Dinner, the Halloween Dinner, the Thanksgiving Eve Dinner, the Christmas Dinner, the St. Valentine Dinner, the Spring Dinner, the Greens Committee's Dinner, the Atherton Smythe Bridge Trophy Dinner, the Golf Widows' Dinner, the House Committee Dinner and the President's Dinner, not to mention weekly functions such as the Saturday Night Dinner Dance dinners and the Malda's Night Out dinners. No wonder that the breakage of glass and crockery is on a sharply rising annual curve. And no wonder, since a souvenir collecting spirit seems prevalent among invited guests, that oyster forks, spoons and even soup ladles bearing the Happy

Knoll name and crest must continually be replaced or that the restaurant deficit is rising. You may say that this deficit is counterbalanced by the increased bar receipts, and it well might be, if the extra waiters would insist on a prompt signing of every bar check and if all signatures were identifiable. I am not impugning for a moment the honest intentions of the average Happy Knoll member. At the end of a hard evening they cannot help it if their handwriting undergoes a change. Then too, pencils invariably disappear in the midst of Happy Knoll dinners. Also, the waiters themselves grow forgetful. Mr. Bedard has made some strenuous efforts to prevent the ingestion of half-finished drinks in the pantry and kitchen and elsewhere, but he cannot be everywhere at once.

I am sorry to continue along these lines, but it is my unfortunate duty to be chairman this year of the Annual Dinner Committee. Its cost should presumably be covered by a fixed charge to each individual attending, but as you know very well, there comes a point of financial intolerance. After all, the Happy Knoll Annual Dinner is not a sounding board either for Mr. Adlai Stevenson or Mr. Averell Harriman, and no one will cheerfully pay \$100 a plate. Thus it has, as you know, become a tradition that former members of the Dinner Committee each make a small contribution. Why else should certain persons have been chosen?

Yesterday, for your information, the committee met in the Pendleton Room. Some of the old guard, including Bill Jonas, were there, but not a few were strangers to me, mainly junior executives from that new development on Foxrun Road and, consequently, all were comfortably off. As a connecting link between us there was Bob Lawton, a conspicuous success in sales promotion. I don't know how well you know Bob Lawton, but I can safely say that he is a person of great enthusiasms and one who always takes over any meeting by offering what he calls constructive suggestions.

He immediately took control of this one by asking how could the Annual Dinner be made different? After all, Happy Knoll must not get calcified, must it? Very frankly, in Mr. Lawton's opinion, the Annual Dinner was delightful and many of the older members were lovable and indispensable, but it should not be what Mr. Lawton termed a horse-and-buggy dinner. Since we were speaking confidentially, it might be better, lovely though they were, to dream up some new speakers and new stories this year. Mr. Lawton had been to seven annual dinners, not having been in the club as long as some others, and nobody liked bearing a good story better than Mr. Lawton, even once or twice, but must one hear it indefinitely? For example, for the last seven years Mr. Hank Stevens—

continued on page 56



Thousands of families every day welcome the Hertz answer to the "second car" problem.

"I found an easy way to have a second car... the Hertz way!"

That's what I said to my wife... when I told her how easy and inexpensive it is to drive a "second car" the Hertz way—wherever and wherever we might need it.

Last night my wife and I were talking again about buying a second car for her and the kids. Generally, I'm the one who's for it but my wife talks about the budget.

I told her I'd found a better and easier way to have a second car. The Hertz way.

"Hertz?" she said. "Oh, I know—they rent cars, don't they?"

I nodded. "I can rent a Hertz car anywhere and leave you the family car—or, I can take our car and you can rent one from Hertz."

She said, "Why that would break us in a week. And how could I get a car when I needed it in a hurry?"

So it started. I told her that though rates vary slightly in different cities, right here where we live, in High Point, North Carolina, we could rent a Hertz car for just \$6.50 a day, plus 8 cents a mile. Why, she could drive to Winston-Salem or Greensboro and back—with the children—for less than \$10.00 and it's even less by the week!

"What if some lunatic ran into me?"

"And what if some lunatic ran into me?" she said. "Then they'd hold us responsible."

"No, because the rental rate includes all gasoline, oil... Public Liability, Property Damage, Fire and Theft Insurance, and \$100.00 deductible collision protection—of no extra cost. And if you buy extra gasoline or oil, they pay you back for every drop."

"Well," she said, "they'd probably give me some old clunker with a Hertz sign on the door."

"You'd get a clean new Ford Fordomatic or other fine car," I said, "a private, expertly maintained car, probably better than ours and certainly newer."

No arguments, lady!

"But I bet there's a lot of red tape and nonsense to go through."

"Not at Hertz," I said. "Just call them up—they're under 'H' in the phone book—and reserve a car. Then you go to their office, show them your driver's license and proper identification. That's all there is to it."

"It couldn't be that easy?" she scoffed.

"It is, though," I countered. "Why, even on business trips, businessmen simply reserve a car at their destination through their local Hertz offices. When they get off the plane or train, the car is ready and waiting."

"Look," said my wife slyly, "why can't we travel as business men do when we go on our vacation?"

"You mean—?" I started. "Let's fly or take the train to where we're going, then drive a Hertz car while we're there."

"Before we go, I'll call the local Hertz office to reserve a car for us in Florida."

"Darling," I said, "that's the best idea I've had in a long time. No traffic—no tired kids. Oh, boy!"

"And four extra days on the beach," said my ever-practical spouse.

From now on, whenever we need a car for sometime driving... at home or wherever we go... we'll go the easy, convenient and economical Hertz way. Hertz Rent A Car System, Dept. 811, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois. Phone: WEster 9-5165.

You can find Hertz service where you need it—over 10,700 cars at nearly 300 offices in over 530 cities in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Hawaii, New Zealand, Cuba, Haiti, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, the Virgin Islands, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Italy.

Go Easy... Go



Hertz is the leader in the rent a new business, too! The world's leading business firms turn to Hertz when they need sturdy trucks for short-term rental or long-term lease.

HERTZ Rent A Car SYSTEM



OVERTURE TO A CLAMBAKE

Clam hunters at Pismo Beach, California swarm onto the wet, gleaming sands at every daytime low tide



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT J. SMITH

THE Pismo clam, its pursuers say, is the world's finest—so sought after that a gamebag limit of 10 clams to a person and minimum length of five inches is enforced. Licensed amateur clam hunters think little of driving 150 miles from Fresno for a

mere half hour of digging during the brief span between tides. November starts the ideal season for digging, because in summer the best tides are at night. Hence the annual Pismo Beach Clam Festival, which is celebrated this year November 11, 12, 13.



MODEL
61
PRICE
\$89.95*

HAVE MORE FUN...
GET TARGET ACCURACY
WITH A *WINCHESTER* 22



Everything that goes into the superb Winchester Model 61 is for just one purpose . . . to make it the finest slide action 22 in the world. The barrel is carefully bored and rifled, the stock is a full maneuvered stock for steady holding and straight shooting, the finish and fitting of the wood and metal parts are the very finest. Mechanically the Model 61 is without an equal. The smooth, slick action operates in a flash with

a small, fast movement of the wrist. Trouble-free, the action is housed in a receiver that keeps out weather, weeds and dirt. The famous Winchester cross-lock safety is located in the front of the trigger guard, away from an accidental ridge, yet instantly handy for a fast shot. The Model 61 handles Short, Long or Long Rifle 22 cartridges with equal ease. See the Model 61 at your dealer . . . see the entire Winchester line of 22 rifles. It's the only complete line!



MODEL **75**
SPORTER
PRICE \$89.95*

MODEL **63**
AUTOLOADER
PRICE \$79.10*

*There's a **WINCHESTER** 22
for every purpose and purpose*

*prices subject to change without notice

ARMS AND AMMUNITION DIVISION • OLIN MATTHEWSON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, NEW HAVEN 4, CONN

TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially intended for
inconsistent putters

from NOBLE CHALFANT, Denver Country Club

Nowadays too many golfers take much too long studying their putts. This meticulousness, far from making them better putters as many of them misguidedly think it does, really works against them. The longer they study the line to the hole, the more confused they get. When they are finally ready to tap the ball, their mind is cluttered with conflicting data, and they can put little true conviction into the stroke.

At the core, putting is a matter of instinct. You have probably noticed that on some days—the days you are putting well—you see the line to the hole the moment you crouch behind the ball and sight the shot. The line practically jumps right out at you, as if it were drawn in chalk. This line, a combination of direction modified by speed, is something you learn to see as your experience sharpens your sense of borrow and break and slope and how they will affect the roll of your ball. While many golfers acquire the sense of how to “read a green,” many of them are not the putters they should be. Their failing is that they do not trust their first instinctive reading and start fussing for facts that will prove to them that they have not sighted the correct line. When you look a putt over, stay with the first line that catches your eye, and you will find, I am certain, that you are on the right road.



Noble Chalfant demonstrates some of the many operations passed by overthorough putters

NEXT WEEK: CHICK HARRERT ON THE EYE OVER THE PUTT

THIS is the
coat you'll live in...
rain, sun, cold



\$40.75

America's most wanted gabardine

You just can't mistake that Alligator elegance... in the richness of Gold Label's fine all wool worsted fabric... in the luxurious flare, drape and full-cut sweep. And for comfort, you can't beat its "just-right-weight." Being water repellent, you'll enjoy living in it... rain, sun, cold. See Gold Label and other Alligator coats in smart fabrics, patterns and colors... all great values from \$8.50 to \$49.75.

Galsciath Rainwear... Here's lightweight luxury for rain, wind and chill. Fashioned of Duonol® and fine combed Egyptian cotton, feathery ribbed, belted shape, wash or dry clean. Single breasted \$24.75. Double breasted \$28.75. Trench \$28.75.

Better Stores Everywhere
Feature **Alligator**
the Best Name in Rainwear



The Alligator Company • St. Louis • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles
*Dixie • Polyester Fibers



THE WEST'S GREAT HORSES

Almost extinct 15 years ago, the versatile quarter horse will draw big money at the King Ranch sales this week

by HOLLAND MCCOMES

First there was the dust. Then down the draw came the rising sound of pounding hoofs and above that the soft-voiced "haw" and "yeyah" of working cowboys. In the herd were colts only, but they were the kind of colts that make cattlemen and a special breed of race-going fan nod in vigorous approval. They already bore the unmistakable qualities for which they were bred—

the thick chests, the muscular shoulders and flanks, the short back and neck and the stubby, quick legs that characterize the quarter horse.

This week, as a rapidly growing population of quarter horses frisked and danced and worked their way around the western plains states, a new herd of colts will start down the same draw toward

continued on page 40

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL





CHAMPION COWBOY of '30s, Dick Shelton buys, breeds quarter horses today.



POLO STAR Stewart Iglehart uses King Ranch horses to work cattle in Florida.

QUARTER HORSES

continued from page 29

the Santa Gertrudis headquarters of the giant King Ranch of Texas and the country's most important quarter-horse sale.

Only 25 colts (plus an equal number of Santa Gertrudis bulls) will be up for sale, but 2,500 persons from an estimated 27 states, Mexico and South America will be at the permanent auction ring and auctioneer's headquarters—constructed for this purpose alone—when the auction begins. Not all intend to buy. Some will be neighbors over for a social visit with the Klebergs, the King Ranch owners, and the lavish noontime barbecues the Klebergs like to throw on auction days. Over half, though, will come with hard cash in hand—no credit extended—and fully prepared to take immediate delivery. By Thoroughbred standards, the colts won't bring much (between \$500 and \$900), but this is eight times what the horses' relatives could command a decade ago and about \$100 higher than any other colts will bring today.

Among those present will be J. Y. Henderson, veterinarian for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, who comes every year. All 27 quarter horses used by Ringling Brothers were bought from the King Ranch by Dr. Henderson. Charles Moroski, the circus horse trainer, likes quarter horses because they are "sensitive but never temperamental and haven't a mean bone in their bodies."

Other men at the auction are there for a wide variety of reasons. The tractable quarter horse is highly prized as a movie horse. He is excellent in parades,

as a cavalry mount and as a range horse. But it is as a sprinter with the pickup of a charged-up sports car that he is most valued. Compact and powerful, the quarter horse will lose to few other horses in a sprint. He can stop fast, too, and execute a 90° turn almost at a gallop. Those fents, coupled with an easy disposition and tremendous endurance, make him close to perfect as a cow pony, particularly where it comes to "cutting" cows. The quarter horse has no peer at this skill, which requires that he work into a herd, pick out a cow, drive her out and keep her out for an indefinite length of time.

Quarter horses are a purely American breed, having developed out of a cross between English and Spanish horses in the New World. The early colonists admired them for their speed and raced them over short, straight stretches of road for about a quarter of a mile; hence their name.

When Thoroughbreds began arriving from England along with other frills of civilization, the quarter horse moved west with the pioneers. In the Southwest it ran across Spanish lines again, this time the hardy but not so fast Criollo, which had an uncanny knack with cows. The best traits of both breeds were retained.

But with the closing of the frontier toward the end of the 19th century, quarter horses came on hard days. Blood lines diminished almost to the point of extinction as they were crossed on everything, including Morgans and Percherons. That sort of thing produced strong horses but not speed. To bring back speed, some breeders introduced Thoroughbred blood. This

continued on page 42



INSIDE CROWDED TENT AT THE KING RANCH IN

A BIG SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR, THE KING





TEXAS, COLTS STAND IN CHUTE AWAITING THEIR TURN IN AUCTION RING WHILE PREDOMINANTLY WESTERN AUDIENCE FOLLOWS BIDDING UP FRONT

RANCH SALES ATTRACT MANY PERSONS WHO COME TO GET TOGETHER WITH THEIR NEIGHBORS AND, LIKE THOSE PICTURED BELOW, ENJOY THE SHOW



BOWLERS:

NEW 'Guided-Missile' Ball boosts ANYBODY'S score!

Now — Ebonite scientists have discovered the long-sought secret of perfect ball CONTROL — an amazing finish with "magnetic" traction — and built it into the most around ball you've ever won with! It's called the Ebonite TORNADO. From the moment you pick

it up, you'll thrill to the glove-like fit . . . superb control . . . and magic scoring power of your custom-fitted Ebonite TORNADO. For this unique new "guided-missile" ball improves the beginner's game, adds to the expert's score, helps anybody bowl better — right away!

BETTER FIT! BETTER BALANCE! BETTER ACCURACY!



CUSTOM-FITTED — Your Ebonite dealer takes your grip-fit on the exclusive Ebonite "grip-mold" your Ebonite TORNADO for the perfect grip that's yours alone!



FLOAT-TESTED — Every Ebonite TORNADO is pre-compensated for drifting . . . floated in quickwater to determine the one right spot for finger grips.



"BONES" ON PINS — TORNADO'S special serrated finish grips the alley with "magnetic" traction. "Bones" on the pins like a guided missile, throws the pins with accurate action.

5-YEAR GUARANTEE!

only \$23⁹⁵

EBONITE TORNADO

IN 2 BRILLIANT NEW COLORS . . . at slight extra cost.

GET FITTED TO AN EBONITE — BOWL BETTER OVERNIGHT



EBONITE CO.
NEWTON, MASS.

THE GOLFER'S Gift



MacGregor Golf Balls in
exclusive ash tray gift set

Give famous MacGregor MT golf balls and unique Color Magic "Scotch" ash trays and you give the most exciting golf gift of the holidays. MT's are champions for distance and durability . . . truly the "Gift Ball of Champions." The ash trays are fine transparent tempered glass, exclusive with MacGregor. Whether it's a gift to friends, family or business associates, the MT Christmas package will be most appreciated by golfers everywhere. Order now at any pro shop. 12 MT's and 4 Color Magic ashtrays . . . only \$13.95. 6 MT's and 2 ash trays . . . only \$ 6.95. MT's can be personalized with player's name . . . without charge (on quantities of 12 MT golf balls or more).

MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF
CHICAGO 33, ILL.



We at our house consider
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
not just as "must" reading,
but rather as irresistible
reading.

George B. Travis
National Association
of Food Chains
Washington, D.C.

Advertisement



in the NOV. 21 Issue of

Sponsored by the
National Sporting
Goods Association

SPORTS

QUARTER HORSES

continued from page 40

produced the desired result. The horses were fast once you got them started. But they got tangled in their legs and they got bored and worn out with cow work. Range life was too tough for them.

The quarter horse might have disappeared entirely were it not for a group of Southwestern cattlemen who formed an association in 1940 "to perpetuate the blood lines." Earlier, Robert J. Kleberg Jr. had begun looking for a horse that could become the foundation of a line as vigorous and strong as the great Spanish horses his grandfather, Captain King, had had. He finally bought Old Sorrel from George Clegg of Alice, Texas, still one of the best quarter-horse breeders alive and at that time one of the few carrying on. According to Kleberg, Old Sorrel had everything—intelligence, action,

WORKING RATTLE, A KING RANCH COWHAND



disposition and great beauty. All of the present King Ranch quarter horses are his descendants.

The King Ranch has never continuously bred quarter horses for racing, but many of the other western ranches have. In the last few years quarter mile races have become tremendously popular in the Southwest. For years they were on the programs at state fairs, but now there are at least six major tracks in New Mexico, Arizona and California that have full daily cards and long racing seasons, summer and winter, during which millions of dollars are wagered. Spectators at a race become immensely excited. The horses get away so fast that they give the impression of having been shot from a catapult. A spectator can easily hold his breath for the duration of the race. The official record time for 440 yards is 22 seconds, but faster times have been made with a running start.

It is the old match race though—the

kind they had on the frontier—that is the most colorful. In many sections it still survives. Two men will take a difference of opinion as to whose horse is the fastest. Word gets around that a "bush match" race is in the offing, and folks for miles around drive out to have a look. The place might be a straight-away track on one of the men's ranches or a country road or a cow pasture.

Right up to race time everybody places bets.

"If you were betting five on this," a man might ask, "which would you pick?"

"The bay mare," the other would say. "And I want this gentleman here to hold stakes."

Somebody drags a boot heel across the road to mark the start, paces off a quarter of a mile and makes the finish line. When it's all over everybody goes home and waits for another challenge. That's the way it has been with quarter-horse races for 300 years. (K.R.)



STOCK HANDLERS, who work hard during sale, pass time of day near mesquite trees before the King Ranch auction begins.

TAKES OUT ON FAST-STARTING QUARTER HORSE AFTER LIVELY SANTA GERTRUDIS CALF NIGHTAILING IT IN CLOUD OF DUST AWAY FROM HERD



PELEGRINI IN ACTION: A MULTI-THREAT CENTER



CHARGING PELEGRINI THWARTS PASS BY SYRACUSE QUARTERBACK EDDIE ALBRIGHT. TURNS TO FOLLOW AS ALBRIGHT STARTS RUNNING

HERMAN HICKMAN'S LINEMEN

continued from page 25

confirmed by scouts and coaches during the past week. I have not attempted to select a so-called All-America line by position. Many of these men are strangers to the preseason prognosticators (some of the best preseason prospects have since been hampered by injuries), but with November here they have stood pretty sound testing and have not been found wanting in any department of play.

So:

Here's to the unstung boys
up front:

No—here's to the men who bear
the brunt!

Ron Beagle, End, Navy: Last season Ron won about every honor extant, including the Maxwell Trophy as the season's outstanding player. With Michigan's Ron Kramer suffering from early season injuries and Army's Don Hollender shifted to quarterback, there is little doubt that he is the outstanding end in the country. He has all the requisites: great competitive spirit, excellent blocking, vicious tackling; he runs his pass patterns as diagrammed and is a tricky decoy. Beagle is a first classman, weighs around 190 pounds and is 6 feet tall.

Pat Beazley, Guard, Notre Dame: The backbone of the rugged and underrated Notre Dame line this season is Beazley. Older than most college players at 25 and not so large as linemen go these

days, his play and spirited determination have been an inspiration to the entire squad. Offensively, his in-line blocking is explosive, and downfield he is always harrying the secondary. Defensively, he moves with catlike grace and has the happy facility of "being where the ball is at."

Bo Belinger, Guard, Oklahoma: Although I haven't had the opportunity to see Bo in action yet this year except through the game films, I have talked to many opposing coaches, and they all claim that he lives up to his advance billing. Gomer Jones, one of the game's greatest line coaches and a tremendous center himself in his playing days at Ohio State, has this to say about Belinger: "He's very quick and durable, has never been hurt; he is tireless, has good agility, reacts well and is a strong blocker. He's also one of our fastest men down under punts. He plays very well against traps, is a good pursuer, a sure tackler and a real leader."

Bruce Bosley, Tackle, West Virginia: Coach Art Lewis of the Mountaineers told me: "No coach ever had two better ones." He was referring to Tackles Bruce Bosley and Sam Huff. And of the two, Bosley is the better. Regardless of "program weight" he hits the scales at around 245 pounds. Much sought by the pros, he is almost certain to be a No. 1 draft choice. For three years his play has been brilliant,

both offensively and defensively.

Jim Brown, Guard, UCLA: I have watched Jim for two seasons, studied game pictures and attended practice sessions where he was engaged solely in fundamental drills, and I second Coach Red Sanders' statement: "Brown is probably the best all-round guard ever to play for UCLA. He has never played a bad game." Brown, a 200-pounder, is high-spirited, smart, durable and above all has what I like to term "second reaction"—the ability to absorb the initial shock of a block and still make the tackle.

Steve DeLa Torre, Center, Florida: Although not large as centers go (5 feet 11 inches and 190 pounds), Steve has been praised by all opponents and coaches. Primarily a defensive specialist until a year ago, Steve has developed into a competent blocker. I've watched him for two years and during preseason practice, and he well merits all the praise heaped upon him.

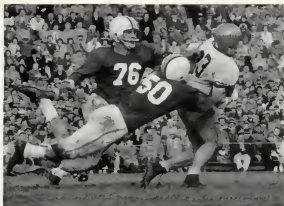
Dick Hill, Guard, Michigan: Completely lost behind the reams of publicity on the great Ron Kramer is 190-pound junior Guard Dick Hill. He's great offensively, a fine trapper and pulls out well to lead plays. He has been one of the spearheads of the Wolverines' versatile attack. He is practically always the first man down under punts. Defensively, he is sharp and has excellent body control.

John Hopkins, Tackle, Navy: Captain Hopkins shifted from end to tackle in his sophomore year by his own request

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Nov. 5



AND WINGS UP THE PLAY THROWING HIM FOR A LOSS WITH A CLASSIC TACKLE FROM BEHIND

because he was "needed most" at this position. In his senior season he is a real leader on and off the field. He came last year, endowed with an abundance of speed and weighing around 210 pounds. But his development this season has been truly remarkable. Defensively, he has a fine change of pace—one play a "floater," the next a "slasher." His excellent offensive play is keynoted by the quality that sparks everything he does: aggressiveness.

Steve Mybra, Guard-Tackle, North Dakota: Mybra, a 225-pound transfer from Minnesota, must be regarded as one of the fine linemen of the year. He turned out this year to play tackle, but because of his tremendous speed—Coach Frank Zazula says he has timed him in 10.5 and 10.6 in full football uniform for the hundred—he was moved to an offensive guard. There he could pull out and lead the attack, still playing left tackle on defense to meet the brunt of opposing offenses. Zazula is particularly impressed with his initial charge and his ability to hit and recover and move quickly to whatever area appears crucial to the play.

Jim Parker, Guard, Ohio State: Last year as a sophomore Jim was slowed down by injuries, but this year the young giant—6 feet 3 inches and 250 pounds—has really been going to town. He's a tremendous linebacker, meeting the running plays with devastating tackles, and he seems to "smell" a forward pass. Despite his bulk Parker is probably the fastest lineman on the Ohio

State squad—last week he picked a Northwestern fumble out of the air and ran it 40 yards for a touchdown.

Bob Pellegrini, Center, Maryland (see cover): Bob bulwarks what may well be the best line in college football. Even before Coach Jim Tatum switched him from guard to center this year, he had acquired a national reputation as a linebacker. I've had the opportunity to study him closely and he does everything well. Packing 225 pounds on a 6-foot 3-inch frame, he will be a prime favorite for the pro draft. A clever diagnostician of enemy plays and a superb defensive quarterback, he has taken to the offensive phase of the center position as a duck takes to water.

Hugh Pitts, Center, TCU: Hugh was a unanimous selection last year as the All-Southwest Conference center on a losing team. Hampered by a leg injury early in the season, he came into his own against Miami a fortnight ago when he was tops defensively, and his blocking led to the winning touchdown. Pitts is a smart defensive quarterback with the size and speed to back up the line as it should be done.

Phil Tarasovic, Tackle, Yale: I've watched Phil from his days as a high school player in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He has played tackle and end equally well. He is most active and fast for his 6-foot 4-inch, 215-pound frame. He blocks with authority and his defensive play, to put it mildly, is rugged. He is a brilliant professional prospect as a defensive end.

• **Illinois vs. Michigan:** The Illini have come a long way since last season but the Wolverines don't know when they are beaten and won't be this week. . . MICHIGAN.

• **Yale vs. Army:** Elis have the potential to avenge last year's rout, but Holleder is learning fast and the West Point defense is sturdy. . . ARMY.

• **Texas A & M vs. SMU:** The amazing Aggies were finally slowed down by Arkansas. The Mustangs are bigger and more experienced. . . SOUTH ERN METHODIST.

• **Navy vs. Duke:** What a difference two weeks make. Now both have been soundly thrashed. Welsh will rise again. . . NAVY.

• **Iowa vs. Minnesota:** Against the Trojans and Wolverines, Minnesota once again became the giant of the North. The Hawkeyes are due. As upset. . . IOWA.

• **Missouri vs. Oklahoma:** The same old story. Missouri will fight hard but the Sooners will make it 26 in a row. . . OKLAHOMA.

• **Penn State vs. Syracuse:** The Orange men are riding high. The Nittany Lion in their home hair will cause trouble but not enough. . . SYRACUSE.

• **Tennessee vs. Georgia Tech:** The young Volunteers are making an unbelievable stretch drive with four wins in a row. Much closer than you think. but. . . GEORGIA TECH.

• **Maryland vs. LSU:** Possibility her of the biggest upset of the season. The Bayou boys have been dangerous a year, but. . . MARYLAND.

• **Purdue vs. Michigan State:** The Boiler-makers are big and can run and pass, but I'll have to stick with the conquerors of Notre Dame. . . MICHIGAN STATE.

ALSO:

West Va. over Geo. Wash. (Fri. night)
Miami (Fla.) over Boston C. (Fri. night)
Princeton over Harvard
Notre Dame over Penn
Pitt over Virginia
Auburn over Miss. State
Florida over Georgia
Texas over Baylor
Ohio State over Indiana
Wisconsin over Northwestern
Washington over California
UCLA over College of Pacific
Oregon State over Idaho
Kentucky over Vanderbilt
Tulane over Alabama

Last week's record:

20 right, 4 wrong, 1 tie
Record to date: 128-41-6



THE NEW ZERO KING Bushmaster

For country—suburban comfort

Styled from the original Australian Bush Coat—made of luxurious, water-repellent, self-sealing Pima cotton, the Bushmaster gives you the ultimate in comfort and good looks. For warmth, it's lined with lustrous, woven Orlon pile on body, sleeves and collar.

The Bushmaster will give you years of returns in handsomeness and durability. In beige, charcoal.

about \$400



the
mark of a
complete
wardrobe

S. W. Harris Mfg. Co., Park Square, St. Paul, Minn.

COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by JOHN GILLOOLY

DAILY RECORD

A BOSTON COLUMNIST FINDS ALL
IS SWEETNESS AND LIGHT WITH
VINCE MARTINEZ AND BILL DALY

Last Saturday night in Boston, Vince Martinez knocked out a little-known fighter named Mario Terry in the third round. The fight was unimpressive, but Columnist Gillooly was intrigued by the feror of the new relationship between Martinez and his manager, Bill Daly.

Verboden Vince Martinez, recently returned from the cruel penal island of Boycott, a moated fortress somewhere off the Jersey shore, dropped into town yesterday to declare, in harmonious chorus with his manager, that he wasn't really exiled at all and that he has no Napoleonic complexes.

Cafe sockciety collected at the Como on Friend St. for scrapple (naturally the fight mob's favorite breakfast is scrapple) and Martinez, quite possibly the best welterweight in the world, and his reconciled pilot, Honest Bill Daly, were present.

Daly is known far as well as wide as Honest Bill because he is treasurer of the International Boxing Managers Guild, or Guilt in pugdom's parlance; because he keeps saying: "Well, we might as well be honest about this"; and because, any time that he takes the empty bottles to the supermarket for rebate, he always turns over the full amount to the Mrs. The latter

calls for sterling character, indeed.

It turns out that Martinez didn't spend 15 months on barren but inescapable Boycott. It was another colony entirely; a pleasant retreat known as Friendship Vineyard.

"Certainly I made no move to boycott this boy," said Daly with an endearing glance at Martinez. "It was friendship. In 35 years in The Game, I've made a lot of friends: promoters, managers, sportswriters. They all figured I got a bad deal and they just wouldn't give him any action out of sympathy to me."

Daly winced at each mention of boycott, which has a conspiratorial ring, and the tone of intrigue. The dictionary says it derived from a situation in County Mayo, Ireland in 1880 when a Captain Boycott, a land agent, got the totalsnub. It means to combine against a person in a policy of nonassociation especially for political reasons and next trip to the dictionary I must get around to fettle as in "fine fettle" and petrel as in "stormy petrel" to find out what in h-l they are.

While Daly and Martinez were on the outs—Daly figures it was a \$100,000 spat—Martinez was practically at leisure with only a few bouts. He couldn't even pick a fight on the street.



Each time he put on his kid gloves (and he's a dandy) there was a tug at his heart because there was no padding in the knuckles. He was taboo, no doubt about it, doing his light training in a figurative leprosyarium.

Once a Canadian fighter was smuggled in, ostensibly to give Martinez a go somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon line, far from the big gold of New York. At the last moment the Canadian excused himself. Friendship for Daly had raised its loyal head. Another time vaasal Vince was to have gone against Irvin Steen in Akron. The day of the bout it was canceled and the promoter gave "lack of interest" as the reason. There had been a violent storm in the vicinity that day; the excuse had merit.

A wrangle with Martinez' family caused the \$100,000 cleavage and set Martinez back a full year. It cost him possibly the best year of his strife, for he was named Rookie of the Year for 1932 and experts saw him soon shelling Johnny Saxton from the title.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

Martinez' dad, Anthony, and Daly were co-managers at the outset, with Daly taking 23 3/4% and Pop receiving 10%. Daly and Mr. Martinez quarreled over some items; "Little things I can't even remember," spoke Daly. "It was like a man and wife in a little tiff at breakfast. Before the day was out it would be forgotten except that the in-laws and the outlaws, that's what I call outsiders, stepped in for a piece of the fight. By dinnertime the man and wife would be looking for lawyers."

The Martinezes—brother Phil Martinez was in the scenario as a second—and Daly finally saw their fiscal folly and again are devoted although, of course, keeping a vigilant eye upon one another at all times.

At only 26, Vince is making a virtual comeback. Fifteen months on Boycott, or rather Friendship Isle, must have rusted Vince, but Daly optimized: "Our separation could work the other way for Vince is now more mature, stronger and has learned to pace himself." Where he learned pace in semi-seclusion is a mystery. Must have been at the Yencers or Roosevelt raceway. (END)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

8—from 12th-Columbus, 12-13—drawing by Art, 15—(and Jane from Rocky-Columbus), 22—Montezuma's Tribune, 23—Ray Graham's Angles Times, 24—Glen's French-Angles, 25—A. S. Credit-Columbus City Star, David Miller, 26—Carl (and Bill), 27—14 Seasons-Tance-Montezuma, A. S. 24-25—Robert L. Smith-Book Star, 27—Edith-Buchanan Book Star, 44-45—My Family 28—Bob Boudry, Tommy Walter.

weekend shopper

THAT ELEGANT PORTABLE BAR YOU SAW AT THE PRINCETON GAME AND IN NATIONAL MAGAZINES



Removable cover for serving. Ample space for 5 bottles (quart & 50¢) and 200-odd glasses — just a shade larger than a portable refrigerator. Weighs less than 15 lbs. Inexpensive shipping box. Delivered. Check or money order only. \$37.50. (N.Y. City)

It DOES PLACE, the very portable, quickly-assembled, no-cable, clean, professional looking and serving, stainless steel, mixing glass, & large aluminum mug. Double lock & key.

\$37.50

CREATIVE HOUSE, INC.

432 East 58th Street, New York 23, N.Y.



MOPPER the new absorbing AFTER-BATH ROBE

It's a "mopper" or a cap... a great big polar bear of a robe for drying off swiftly and warmly after shower, tub or swim. Made of thick luxurious, shirley, snow-white Cannon terry toweling. Yards of comfortable fullness, huge draft-screen collar, tassel tie at neck... it's a whopper of a mopper! Fits any man or woman, but if over six feet, order king size and add a dollar to the price. A great buy, a heart-warming gift, perfect for travel. Get one for yourself, several for house guests. Mail orders promptly filled. Sorry, no COD's. Shipping prepaid if remittance is with order.

Only \$6.95 ea. (3 for \$20.00)

Woodmere Mills dept. 875 P. O. Box 107 BENNINGTON, VT.



KAHN'S AMERICAN BEAUTY

PRIME STRIP STEAKS

Our New York Style from Prime Beef, these superb strip steaks are seldom found outside the finest hotels and restaurants. Now, in response to many requests, Kahn's AMERICAN BEAUTY Strip Steaks are available as Christmas gifts. U. S. Government inspected. Every steak comes from a selected steer, selected for nearly a year in the Jack Club Valley. Slow, natural aging in our Smoke-Aging Room gives an extra tenderness, extra juiciness, incomparable flavor. An epicure's delight!

Box of 8, weight 16 oz. each (weight of 16, 18, or 20 oz. steaks if specified), packed in dry ice in impressive Christmas Box, with your name on gift card inside... \$12.

Kahn's AMERICAN BEAUTY HAM with that World-Award Flavor—10-12 lb. average... \$12.75.

Each box and meat check or M.O. Shipped prepaid in U. S. Harry for Christmas Delivery!

Kahn's
OHIO VALLEY SMOKEHOUSE
Dept. 5, 2181 Spring Green Ave., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Gifts For An Angler's Xmas



Our FREE Christmas catalog describes and illustrates the finest fishing tackle in our 350 years experience. Give Deluxe Fly Reels, Spinning Reels, lures, tackle, shirts (for him, her, and other members)—all fashioned to give a devoted angler the ultimate in fishing pleasure. Send today.

THE ORVIS CO.
BANGOR, ME. 04401



IMPORTED Norwegian SWEATER



SOLD
ONLY
BY
MAIL

Norsman Natural Goathair Sheds Snow and Rain

Handsome heavyweight sweater for winter outdoor living. Traditional in Norway for work, sports, casual wear. Natural Lanolin in handspun unbleached goathair keeps the yarn dry. Soft, elastic knit virgin wool cuffs and collar of unique design.

Brown design on cream background. Men's sizes 36-48.
FREE \$14.50 postpaid.

CATALOG
40 pages featuring
exclusive clothing &
equipment for sports
and country living.
Write for Your
Copy Today

Norm Thompson
Dept. 40, 1311 N.W. 21st
PORTLAND 9, OREGON



CHOCOLATES of the MONTH

Everyone likes Gilbert Chocolates! So what better way to make a useful impression that lasts all year round? Each month a new taste treat is mailed to the person you designate. Each one pound assortment is distinctive, rich in a gourmet's delight. Price includes mailing anywhere in the world.

\$24.95 for a full year's subscription (12 lbs.)
4 MOS \$13.75 3 MOS \$6.75

GILBERT CHOCOLATE COMPANY
257 W. CORTLAND ST. • JACKSON, MICH.

Now... "WINTERIZED" POPLIN SLACKS

And now we've "winterized" the most popular of all summer slacks - the classic casual Poplin - by lining them with supported Swiss vinyls pleads. Light as weight up there! There's no distortion of the tailored legs that wears enough for late fall, winter, slacks need all winter wear. For Men's Sizes 30 to 42. For Women's Sizes 16 to 18 (Allow 4 lbs. for Women's. Immediate delivery in the West).

ONLY \$16.95 PPD. GUARANTEED. NO C.O.D.'S

Write for FREE CATALOG
MARK, FORD & STRIKE
CHATHAM (3) MASS



FABULOUS CHAMOIS SHIRT FOR MEN AND WOMEN

For those with a flair for looking like sportsmen - a collector's item! Keyed to meet the requirements of active sport, yet tailored in perfection. Down soft imported chamoi washes like a glove, will wear for years. Convertible, 2-way collar, crease front buttons, side vents, zipper button pockets, tab button cuffs. Casual comfortable to dress - terribly warm in cold and wind conditions. You won't match this look in shirt anywhere. Natural chamoi color. Women's are open collar. Men's are buttoned. Immediate Delivery.

Women's Sizes 10-20
Men's Sizes 36-48.
\$43.00 PPD.
Money Back Guarantee
No C.O.D.'s

FREE GIFT FOLDER
BRANDFALF

Dept. 5-15, 157 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

DOGGIE GIFT

It's wonderful
for Cats too!



Hilo DRY BATH

in Gay Christmas Wrapping

Cleans without water! No muzz or fuss! No danger of colds! Just puff creamy, fragrant lather onto pet's coat, rub in and towel off. Kills fleas! Deodorizes! Leaves the coat soft and glossy! Only \$1.49 ppd. Dept. T-11 The Hilo Co. Norwalk, Conn.



DUTY FREE FROM ENGLAND DIRECT TO YOU



To make new friends for our famous Wally Frank English biter pipes we're making this special GOODWILL GET - ACQUAINTING - OFFER.

We've set aside an accumulation of Wally Frank English Goodwill Bites, they're right second! at our regular English brand selling for \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00 each, the same in pairs will accept for slight surface imperfections which are guaranteed not to impair the marvelous smoking quality. Thousands of men have never known the difference. Try out smoking a really fine English pipe. Once you taste the nice mellow flavor of this Wally Frank English Goodwill pipe, you'll never be satisfied with ordinary pipes again, and we're counting on winning you as a customer. We'll mail your pipe direct from London England. There's no duty to pay on this "Goodwill" pipe. It's a men profit item, we've written on the cost of the pipe, all we ask is that you send \$1.00 to help cover cost of pipe, labor and against money back if not satisfied. Sorry, only 1 month delivery time from England. (US foreign package fee collected by the postman)

WALLY FRANK LTD, Dept. H302
132 Church St. New York 7, N. Y.

Send the Goodwill pipe direct from England enclosed find \$1.00 Money Back if not satisfied. Please print name and address.

Key-Bak for men who KNOW where things are



Eliminate fumbling for keys around the house or on the job with Key-Bak. Automatically retrieves your keys and keeps them handy and conveniently at your belt, attached to a leather or velveteen dressed man. Key-Bak's 24" lightweight metal plate is connected by a Swedish shock cord, for instant action. Guaranteed. Available in local retail stores or write:

EAST OF THE
MISSISSIPPI

ETI COMPANY
P.O. Box 263, Dept. 31
East Lansing, Michigan

WEST OF THE
MISSISSIPPI

LUNN'S MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2545 East Fourth Blvd., Dept. 31
Pasadena 8, California

ONLY
\$2.50
plus
mail



weekend shopper



Iowa's Savory Smokehouse Sampler

Succulent Wolf Creek meats—blue ribbon Iowa meats—are featured at famous eating places. Country cured "Smokehouse Sampler" brings you 1/2 lb. each sliced ham, dried beef; 1 lb. each bacon, sausage; ring of bologna—all hickory smoked, all for \$3.25. Satisfaction guaranteed. No COD's please.

Franzenburg

P. O. Box 146A
Corning, Iowa

**Brand
New
and
Terrific!
IT'S
OUR**

VEST

**FOR THE
Huntsman**



A vest to wear the sporting blood in any man, our leather vest, featuring hunting, vest, and darts to brilliant natural colors. Rayon lined with quilted down blue lining. It is not yet mentioned with and durable. Knit neck, match big leather, strap front and opening pockets. It costs more at high prices. Buy from darts when searching. In sport, it's the vest that's got more than others to do. Only \$10.95. (See Robin Hood's Barn for more information.)

Robin Hood's Barn, Inc.

Dept. 5115, 480 High St., Westwood, Mass.

THE BOON BUCKET

Soon to be hatched—or say made—is this good looking ice bucket covered in leather-like plastic, filled with four seasonal food items. With this the man on your Christmas list can wait and dine in fine fashion! While the bucket is keeping two trays of ice cubes ready, he can be sipping off the delicious Hill Hollow Farm Hickory Smoked (Canadian style) Bacon, (1 1/2 lbs.), nibbling on the tasty imported Swedish Farmers Cheese (1 lb.)—and eating his guests to sample the epicurean Ham Sauce and Hot Country Mustard.

All the foregoing attractively gift boxed and shipped postpaid.

Ask for the BOON BUCKET - only \$8.95

(Add 10% for delivery west of Mississippi). HILL HOLLOW FARM, R. D. 2, Schenectady, N.Y. (Send for our catalog for food gift ideas.)

PLAY better- FEEL better!

Enjoy pleasant, vigorous

VIBRATORY MASSAGE

with a
**Genius
Battle Creek
HEALTH
BUILDER®**



For Athletic Clubs

or Home—For MEN and WOMEN!

Relax, soothe before the game... gentle relax, tense muscles anytime... enjoy the stimulating benefits of efficient vibratory massage!

Health Builder gives you scientific deep tissue manipulation—"at the snap of a switch." Helps figure problems, blood circulation, muscle toning of back, neck, shoulders, abdomen, arms or legs.

Health Builders are widely used in gymnasia, athletic clubs, health institutions and at home. Built for years of service—fully guaranteed. WRITE today for LITERATURE and BROCHURE "Be Good to Yourself!"

**Battle Creek
EQUIPMENT CO.**
Battle Creek 45, Mich.



Golfers WHAM-O for practice

NEW! GEEVE YOUR SWING AT HOME!
DEVELOP POWER - CORRECT HOOK AND SLIC!



No hell to chase! Simply push into ground and he returns to position after club swing. Hooking, slicing, or topping is indicated by action of WHAM-O. Practice just 5 minutes a day with our instructors and play 100% better on Sunday! Folds to 18" for golf bag. Use to warm up at starting tee. Tough flexible plastic, ash hardwood deck, 3" steel spike. Withstands violent abuse. Only \$1.95 complete. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Ideal for gift. Send to: **WAMO MFG. CO.**
Box 625, San Gabriel, California

WHAT TREASURES WILL YOU FIND?

Big Bag of More Than 1000 Foreign Stamps. This big cloth bag contains over 1,000 genuine foreign postage stamps from more than 30 countries in far-away Africa, Asia, Europe, Australia, the South Seas, etc. Stamps are mostly still in superb, uncancelled, unmounted, weighed out in bulk, just as received from foreign governments. No rubs, no Nobody knows what's inside! Worth \$10.00 or more at Catalogue prices. Money-back guarantee. Only \$1.00. **FREE** Literature and Big Free 250 U.S. Stamp Catalogue, valuable guide and directory. Hundreds of illustrations. **H. E. HARRIS & CO.**
1849 Travel Bldg - Boston 17, Mass.

COMICE PEARS

FOR Christmas Giving



AS LOW AS **\$3.50** DELIVERY PREPAID

FROM ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

MEDFORD, ORE.

• Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make unusual and appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected—individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to any point in 48 states. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift card enclosed. Send list, we do the rest. No charge. C.O.D. on request amounts, please.

QUOTE EARLY
No. 1—Deluxe Box (12 to 16 pears, postpaid) \$2.50*
No. 2—Deluxe Box (12 to 16 pears) 4.45
No. 3—Just Fruit Basket (12 to 16 pears) 4.95
No. 4—Just Fruit Basket (12 to 16 pears) 5.15

*HEAVY DUTY PRICE - if your order, complete with name and address of recipient is postmarked on or before November 25, 1955. Regular Price \$2.75

Write for FREE Catalog

PINNACLE ORCHARDS
665 1/2 St. Medford, Ore.

☐ Please send boxes according to instructions on enclosed card.
☐ Send FREE color catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Keep Posted!

Regency Transistor Radio

Game scores and news events are yours ... anywhere ... with this power-packed sub-miniature radio. It's all transistor operated. No tubes. Only one inexpensive battery gives clear-toned loud-speaker volume. Ready to run. \$51.30
Earphone Accessory \$7.50
Leather Case \$3.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

364 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO • WOLF LENDERKE & ASSOCIATES

Bothwell introduced the animated card stunt at Oregon State in 1924. His 500-man rooting section flipped cards at his signal to show a beaver (the OSC mascot) smashing a huge lemon yellow "O" (symbolizing the University of Oregon) with his tail. The first college to use cards was California, in 1908, but these were a succession of still portraits, not animated. The first flip stunt was at California too, in 1920, when rooters flipped cards to show a small gold "C" against a blue background. On each of two additional flips the "C" grew larger.

Harvard, a man's school, claims the oldest college cheer in the country, its "regular cheer," which consists of three "Harvards" long drawn out, followed by seven "rahs" and ending with a "fight, team, fight." The Harvard band provides most of the half-time entertainment and has presented such routines as a huge champagne bottle tipped and its contents poured into a cocktail glass, from which bubbles rose and broke to spell out "Hic!"

Yale has, however, the most classic cheer, its famous Brek-ek-ek-ek-koax koax, from the chorus of Aristophanes' *The Frogs*. It goes back to 1884 on a night when members of The 13 Club, an eating group of the class of '86, devised it to serenade their Greek professor, Frank Bigelow Turbell, beneath his study window.

The newest college cheer appears to

be "The Supersonic," turned loose a few weeks ago at The College of the Pacific. The cheering section stands, mouths open and hands waving but voiceless. It then sits, waits a few seconds and breaks out with a loud "Va, va boooooom!" This is to indicate that the cheering section has cracked the sound barrier. The most indigenous cheer, very probably, is that of the University of Arkansas, whose team is called The Razorbacks. The yell is the time-honored call of the hog farmer ("Sooooo—eee, pig!") repeated twice and followed by a "fight, fight, fight!"

Army signals a touchdown by firing a field piece. Navy releases a weather balloon. Cheerleaders at Miami and Maryland have more strenuous routines. At Miami they run around the stadium bearing hurricane flags. Last year, when Miami beat Fordham 75-7, this required a dozen trips. "You can," says a Miami cheerleader, "get pooped that way."

At Maryland the 12 girl cheerleaders get on their knees and salame the team in unison once for every point in the Maryland total at that moment. When the score is running high a male cheerleader appeals to the crowd to let the girls do their counting by twos or even fives. Once, when the score was at 60 points, the stands demanded a one-by-one count.

This sort of thing may spread. (E.N.D.)

St. Moritz

Switzerland's

Top resort offers you the greatest values and variety in WINTERSPORTS

Will you have fun, write to one of the 4 leading hotels

Anton R. Badrutt,
KULM

Walter Scheel,
CARLTON

Andrea Badrutt,
PALACE

Ben Cardian,
SUVRETTA

or to Peter Kasper, St. Moritz
Tourist Promotion Office

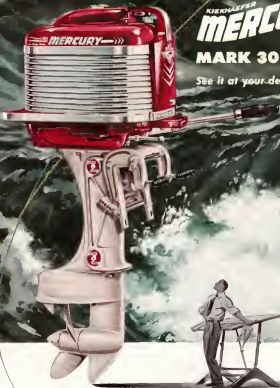


NEW! *the motor you asked for...*

KIEKHAFFER
MERCURY

MARK 30 turbo 4

See it at your dealer's now!



A 30 h.p. Alternate Four, weighing only 110 lbs. . . the exclusive Mercury carrying handles actually make it seem lighter . . . available with 12-volt electric starter and generator . . . all the quality Mercury features. Proved by years of brutal field testing, backed by experience only Mercury has from building more than two million horsepower of famous 4 cylinder Thunderbolt engines! The finest, smoothest, most powerful engine in its class . . . fully qualified to wear the Mercury trade mark.



MERCURY . . . The Most Powerful Name In Outboards
REMEMBER . . . A Four Is Bound To Be Better

4 1/2 gal. remote fuel tank
standard equipment

© 1956 KIEKHAFFER CORPORATION, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin • Features of Mercury motors are protected by issued or pending patents.





PELEE FERRY LANDS 130 HUNTERS AFTER ITS TWO-HOUR TRIP FROM SANDUSKY

PHEASANTS BY THE SCORE

That is what Pelee Island in Lake Erie offers to a select group of hunters in a phenomenal two-day hunt staged every year

by **GEORGE LAYCOCK**

TWENTY miles across Lake Erie's often turbulent waters from Sandusky, Ohio lies an island which probably produces more pheasants per square mile under natural conditions than any other area in the world. Nine miles long and half as wide, Pelee Island is home to some 500 humans and 35,000 of these fine game birds. Since 60 pheasants per square mile is considered a good average population, the 2,240 pheasants per square mile—three and a half birds per acre—offered by 10,000-acre Pelee is, to say the least, phenomenal. Regional Biologist Charles Bartlett likes to keep the winter population down to about 11,000 birds, so the rest are made available to hunters in a glorious two-day shoot (usual bag limit 10-12 birds).

To hunt on Pelee Island a special township permit is needed, and only about 1,500 permits are sold. Hunters

come in from the mainland on crowded ferries and in private craft. The day before the hunt (this year October 26-27) every farmhouse on the island fills with hunters, and the whole island is turned over to them. The island schools close their doors during the shoot to allow the older boys to hire out as bird drivers and hunters' helpers.

On Pelee it is possible, if you keep your eyes open, to pick up the limit in cripples and not even carry a gun. On one occasion a hunter with a broken ankle sat down on a stump. In two hours he got eight birds without moving.

Pheasants have been on Pelee Island since 1927 when Frank Voorhees, an Ohio game warden, took over 100 pioneer pheasants in return for 100 adult breeder bass which Ohio needed for experimental stocking. The first season was in 1932 and two years later the hunt was opened to nonresidents. It has been an annual affair since.

One reason why pheasants do so much better on Pelee than on the mainland is that a third of the island is planted to soybeans. The island also has no foxes, few hawks and few crows. But there's another factor— isolation. Lake Erie keeps the Pelee Island pheasant at home. Seasoned Pelee Island hunters often complain, "All I got were singles." But last year one got five birds with three shots—two doubles and a single—and all in the first half hour. Bad year or not he still had 14 fine pheasants in his game bag.

FALL TAPESTRY, a two-day bag of 125 Pelee pheasant (see under the group's limit), is strung up on farmer's barn. The happy hunters, from left front: Richard Degroot (American Metal Products Co.), William Sears (American Motors), Henry Winderhold (Clarke Tool & Machine Co.), Walter Gardner (E. L. Pelt Co.), Joe Muir Jr. (Detroit restaurant), Frank Palmer (Pres., Middle Atlantic Transportation Co.), Sherman Mier (Middle Atlantic), Bark row: Al Nansarrow (Pres., Duplex Equipment Co.), Bill Boyer (Partner, Motor City Tire Co.), Ray Dasher (Owner, Dasher Construction Co.), Homer Pharis (Pres., D. P. Brown Co.), Dr. Karl Wilder, Cecil Waggott (Rug Sewing Works), Great Plains (Board Chairman, D. P. Brown), Al Irwin (Rug Sewing Works).



PHEASANT DOWNED is carefully retrieved by Mike's Lady Bell, a golden Labrador retriever. Dog's color affords good camouflage in the high, dead grass of Pelee Island field.

PHEASANT ON THE WING, flushed by Hunter Sid Glover of Aylmer, Ontario, bolts wildly into the air in attempt to soar out of range of upraised shotgun. Mike's Lady Bell, Glover's dog, follows bird's flight intently, all set to retrieve.



FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; **SH**—slightly high; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OVG**—outlook very good.

STRIPED BASS: NEW JERSEY: One of best fall runs in years is under way from tip of Sandy Hook clear through to Beach Haven, and surf casters and trollers are taking many bass in 25-pound class. Most trolling now is by daylight, with big Jersey bunker spoons favored lure. Fastest surf action last week was from Seaside Park through Island Beach, but trolling in tide rip below Sandy Hook produced some big fish; **OG/VG** next 10 days.

MASSACHUSETTS: FVP last week and **OF** as most bass headed southward, but some school-stripers should remain in rivers through December.

VIRGINIA: Stripers to 17 pounds are striking nicely in the lower Rappahannock, and **OG**.

SOUTH CAROLINA: FG in both Santee-Cooper Lakes, with heavy concentration at tailgate of canal below manutary area; **OG** through November.

STEELHEAD TROUT: IDAHO: OVG for November and December as fishing into full stride in most steelhead waters.

OREGON: FG on Rogue River; fastest action in Agness area and fly-fishermen taking one to five fish daily; river R, C but R, as some larger fish move in; **OG** as move in river stays clear. Bait is not from Oregon, but has speckled a major steelhead run, and a few were taken last week from the Netucuta, Silet, Salton and Alsea rivers; **OF/G**.

CALIFORNIA: Upper Klamath FVG as second fall run brings in bigger steelhead, best fishing is on weekends when Copy Dam fish is shut off. Tom Kemp, Los Angeles broker took limits to 3½ pounds last week on brand-new local fly called "Burlap" (an sure-a hook); Royal Coachman on same size gets fish, **OGV** for all coastal streams where sand bars are open. Heavy rains in headwaters of the Eel River last week should start new run. Winter steelhead 80 Nov. 1, 80; Feb. 28.

MUSKELLUNGE: WISCONSIN: FG/VG in most musky waters despite cold, windy weather, but only hairy-cheeked fishermen are having any. Spay says two Milwaukee anglers took 175 pounds of muskellunge from Big Round Lake in Sawyer County in four days last week.

PENNSYLVANIA: Experts say unsettled weather has driven muskies into deeper water, adverse deep-diving places or minnows fished near bottom; **FF, OF**.

CHANNEL BASIS: TEXAS: Redfish have moved into mouths of rivers and channels all along the coast. Arroyo Colorado in Rio Grande valley held big redfish last week, and mouths of Comanchita and Yres Palmar rivers produced good catches. Port O'Connor fishermen found reds along Brown Cedar Cut, the Colorado River and Intracoastal Canal, while fish of Laguna Madre were yielding scattered bails, and **OF/G**.

FLORIDA: Big reds (to 22 pounds) were still halting around Venice Inlet last week, with some taking bait fished off open beach below jetty. Old-timers say redfish are due soon in St. Marks, Apalachicola and Ochlockonee rivers.

NORTH CAROLINA: Mrs. O. B. Cunningham of Haddonfield, N.J., landed 49-pound bass from surf near Hatteras last Sunday as season moves toward November peak; **OVG**.

LOUISIANA: FG and **OG** for Fort Livingston Pass and other passes near Grand Isle and Venice.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Exceptional run reported at Georgetown jetty. Charter boats bringing in large catches of fish to 40 pounds.



Ideal Gift...for the Man Who Likes to Fish

Custom-built by America's finest rod craftsmen, this beautifully matched pair of fly and spinning rods represents the ultimate in fishing satisfaction. Powered by famous Cross Double-built tubular glass shafts and equipped with specially designed beryllium and monel mountings, these rods are unequalled in balance and light, fast action. As illustrated, the Presidential Pair of matched rods, gold finished aluminum case, in handsome presentation package, \$75.00. Also included, clever pocket kit of 6 field-tested spinning lures. Matched pair include either 8 foot fly rod with 5½ foot spinning rod, or 8½ foot fly rod with 7 foot spinning rod. At leading sporting goods dealers, or write to South Bend Bait Company, 400 High St., South Bend 23, Ind.



South Bend

THE BEST IN RODS • REELS • LINES • LURES

For every family gift on your Christmas list

You can say "Merry Christmas" to every member of a family 52 times a year—with a Christmas gift subscription to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

Be sure to tell us how you want your gift announcement signed. (And we'll be glad to bill you after Christmas if you prefer.) First gift subscription: \$7.50; each additional: \$5.00.

Write to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Advertisement

Authentic Glen Crests for those of Irish Origin. Engraved in Dublin for more than 1,600 honored names.

Harcourt People	Gray, Green, White, Navy	12.50
Macmillan Silk	Gray, Green, White, Navy	13.95
Silk Shammy	Gray, Green, White, Navy	5.00

Gray, Palm Green, Red, Navy. Plus the prestige of Scotch, Welsh & English Crests to order.

Send for Engraving Plates to **deMOLEYS OF DUBLIN** 58 East 54th St., N. Y. N. Y.

TIME'S A-WASTIN'

Do all your Christmas shopping from the Big "Christmas Parade of Sports Gifts"

Sponsored by the National Sporting Goods Association

in the **NOV. 21** issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 22

and this did not mean Mr. Lawton was not very fond of Hank—had told an identical story about two characters named Mike and Ike who had endeavored to enter a hansom cab outside of Delmonico's restaurant on Fifth Avenue simultaneously. They bumped heads, apologized, walked around the cab in opposite directions and again collided. This action with the speaker's words and gestures was admittedly convulsive, especially to older members, who always said that Hank was telling it better this year than he had for the last 10 years. Then, too, the punch line was hilarious when Ike said in dialect, "Oi, oi, I now forget who I am; am I Ike or am I Mike?" But then, given time, didn't enough always become too much? Also, there was the sleeping car story customarily delivered by Mr. H. J. Culbertson about the elderly lady in lower 10 and the man in upper 10. After the train departed, the upper 10 passenger, a drummer, sat for a while in the gentlemen's washroom drinking from a bottle, and Mr. H. J. Culbertson invariably gave a splendid imitation of drinking from a bottle. In the course of time this character called to the porter in a bibulous manner and asked to be assisted to his upper berth, and the colloquy with the porter was sidesplitting if you'd heard it once or twice, because Mr. H. J. Culbertson could change quickly from an intoxicated traveling salesman to a deep Negro dialect. Then when the man in upper 10 went to sleep and began to snore, this sequence, too, was excruciating because no one in the Happy Knoll Country Club could do a better snoring imitation than Mr. H. J. Culbertson. It was very amusing, too, when the old lady began to pound upon the berth above her, except that when Mr. H. J. Culbertson arrived at this routine, he was apt to damage wineglasses and cups. And again, the punch line had true entertainment value: "It ain't no use, ma'am," the drummer said, "I seen you when you got in." It was an aisle-rolling story once or twice, but after seven years, could there not be a change?

Then there was Tom Gaspell and his guitar. Happy Knoll would not be the same without Tom, but still, Happy Knoll might get along without him occasionally. The Kipling poem rendered to music, entitled *I've Taken My Fun Where I've Found It*, was undoubtedly nostalgic, but need it be

sung always? And need the finale always be about the waitress who said to the drummer in the restaurant, "You would not dare insult me, sir, if Jack were only here."

HIGHWAYMAN AND HANSOM CAB

Well, Mr. Lawton said, he could go on, but briefly, his point was that all of this was good entertainment but time-worn, including the recitation by Mr. Godfrey Bledsoe of the Alfred Noyes poem, *The Highwayman*. Frankly, a lot of younger Happy Knoll members had never seen a hansom cab except in a Sherlock Holmes illustration and thought a drummer was someone who worked in a jazz orchestra. No doubt Happy Knoll was a fine old club, but how about beaming the entertainment forward a little bit, say to pre-World War II? There were some pretty funny younger members, including Willie Atherton and Charlie Cromley, even if they had lived it up a bit at the Bledsoe coming-out party. Why not loosen things up and get the Annual Dinner out of its wheel chair and put it on roller skates?

Up to this point, Bob Lawton said (and he begged for our attention for just a moment longer because he had not as yet got to the real nub of his thinking), his criticism had been destructive. However, he did have some constructive suggestions and he wanted to toss off just a few of them. How would it be to loosen up the Happy Knoll Dinner by not having it a stag affair any longer? How about asking the Happy Knoll gals to be with their husbands this year? This startled us, didn't it? But after all, Happy Knoll gals were no longer like the gals in an Edith Wharton novel—not like that Edith Wharton gal named Lily Bart who got in wrong socially because she had a cup of tea alone in the apartment of a stuffed-shirt young man whose name Mr. Lawton was glad to say he had forgotten. Personally, he was pretty proud of Happy Knoll gals. They could tap-dance, jitterbug, play excellent golf and tennis, looked very lovely in Bermuda shorts and, generally speaking, could hold their liquor. Besides, they mostly made lovely wives

continued on page 58



"We're getting a little group together to

go down and take a look at Greenwich Village."

What calories are non-fattening?



All the calories that you use up are non-fattening

The average adult uses up 2,300 to 3,200 calories a day

There are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar

And sugar can help you cut down on the only kind of calories that can make you fat—they are the ones that come from overeating

Science shows how sugar can help keep your appetite—and weight—under control

These days, when it seems that someone is always reminding you about the calories in the things you like best, it's reassuring to remember what calories *really* are.

Calories are simply units of energy. All foods contain calories, but the only calories that can make you fat come from *overeating*—from oversized portions and unneeded second helpings.

Since sugar is best known as a quick energy food it is often singled out as a source of calories. Of course it is. But you use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar in just about 7½ minutes of normal activity.

These calories that are spent for energy can never be deposited as fat. That holds true whether the calories come from steak or apple pie, grapefruit or sugar.

Sugar is used as energy faster than any other food because it is absorbed into the blood stream almost immediately.

This is a helpful fact to know if you're watching your weight! That's because variations in the blood sugar level play an important role in the healthy body's appetite control system.

In clinical tests at a leading university, scientists found that people got hungry when their blood sugar level was low. They got hungry *more often* when they were gaining weight. But when their blood sugar level was elevated there was less sensation of hunger.

This important discovery explains why it is easier to stay satisfied on less food when you have a sweet just before a meal. It has also led to an entirely new concept of diet planning, designed to help people cut down on food without cutting out any favorite food.

These newer, more realistic diets purposely include sugar in foods and beverages because it makes the diet easier to get started on, easier to get used to and easier to stick to.

And if you are maintaining your

present weight, isn't it good to know that sugar helps count your calories for you?

18 CALORIES

... that's all the calories there are in a standard level teaspoonful of sugar. Using a sugar substitute in foods and beverages actually saves as few calories that the authoritative Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council reported.

"There is no clear evidence that the availability to avoid consumption by the general public of artificially sweetened foods would be effective for purposes of body weight reduction or control."



All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.
SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
New York 5, New York

HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 56

and mothers. And to prove it, in the last year there were only 24 broken homes in the Happy Knoll membership—a ridiculously low percentage, judged nationally censuswise. Then why not admit that Happy Knoll gals were sophisticated people who could even stand that story about the hansom cab if necessary.

This was suggestion No. 1, but he did have some other ideas just off the top of his head. Instead of these set speeches, how about a rehearsed floor show derived from talent among the younger members? Charlie Cromley could do a lovely act with the saxophone, and the young Fosbrooke girl, who had just finished her analysis, was the best blues singer that you ever heard, and never mind what people were saying about her and Art Beckett, the tennis pro, either. Then there was the young Whidden girl, who could shake out one of the prettiest hulas, grass skirt and all, that you could see this side of the Royal Hawaiian. Why not let some of this young talent take over? And he had a title for the program that just came out of his head, "Young People's Night at Old Happy Knoll." It didn't quite "sing" yet, but he could polish it up. Then if things were dull at points, why not hire one of those pro entertainers who did a drunken waiter act? Well, this was all he had to say—broadly speaking, a new streamlined sort of dinner with a good transfusion of youth and sex in it. He had just been talking off the top of his head, but he hoped that he had left some thoughts with us. If you wanted to put it in a single capsule, his message could be put in a single word—decadence—and how about it?

A CLEAVAGE IN THE ROOM

There was a silence when Mr. Lawton had finished that obviously indicated a cleavage in the room, between the old and the new guard. I could think of what Marshal Ney said at Waterloo and also of the maxim, "Youth will be served," although I should only technically term Mr. Lawton a youth. I was glad that Bill Jonas made a rejoinder before anyone else had the opportunity. I understand that he was excellent in his time at addressing the Supreme Court, but I do not believe he was ever better in his prime. Though calcified, he said that he had listened with genuine attention and often with interest to Mr. Lawton's constructive

suggestions. Though senile, he loved to feel that he could still tail in with the thoughts of youth and, as Mr. Longfellow had once said (whom Mr. Lawton had perhaps read along with Mrs. Wharton), the thoughts of youth were long, long thoughts and so were Mr. Lawton's, though this was no criticism of their content. For a moment, superficially, he proposed that we might consider Mr. Lawton's suggestion of a professional drunken waiter. Since Happy Knoll was running at a deficit, why pay for an artificial drunken waiter when flocks of real ones would be present at the Annual Dinner—and at no additional cost? Admittedly this was a superficial criticism, but if you looked after the pennies, the dollars would take care of themselves. This axiom was not as strong as it might have been in his youth but, as a semiretired tax lawyer, he felt that it still occasionally had value.

Next, if Mr. Lawton would allow him, he might say that, being older, he was even more familiar than Mr. Lawton with the story of Mike and Ike and the hansom cab. He was sure also that he knew better than Mr. Lawton the story of the elderly lady and the drummer in upper 10, and he was an authority on Kipling's poems set to music and if we wished, although he hoped we didn't, he could recite *The Highwayman* by Mr. Alfred Noyes with suitable gestures—but after all, would a saxophone act

or a hula be any better? There was one thing that Mr. Lawton was bound to learn eventually. In the end, any country club dinner was always calcified. Why did anyone ever attend such a dinner except because of tradition? Why else did one listen from youth onward to Bach? Why did the Chinese attend for 2,000 years their stylized theater? Partly because of sloth but also because they did not like to be disturbed by new thoughts and forms. Some day when Mr. Lawton was older he would understand that there was a routine about the Annual Dinner at Happy Knoll as inevitable as a drama by Euripides. First, the formal greetings at the cocktail hour, the stylized badinage, the gentle horseplay, the controlled shouting across the table and, at last, the stories. It would be a shock to any established member to have these different when his mind had been geared for decades to performance rather than content. How might he react at such a time if some member's young daughter triumphantly off an analyst's couch should sing blues or if a strange girl should dance a hula? He did not believe that he, or anyone else present, could happily adjust to any such sudden change.

Fortunately, as Mr. Jonas said, such a contingency would not be possible this year, at least, because, due to its constitution, membership at Happy Knoll was so far confined entirely to



"Our squad this year is an E-N-I-G-M-A!"

the male sex. This might be old-fashioned; he dared say it was. He would be the first to admit that Happy Knoll would be bankrupt were it not for the extraordinary participation of wives and daughters in its expanding facilities, including the Ladies' Bar, but in the end he wished to ask a pertinent question. Why was it that women went to Happy Knoll? Only because men started going there first. And why was it men first went to Happy Knoll? Only, he was afraid, to escape from domestic ties stronger in America than in other parts of the world. It was odd, was it not, that in this streamlined age of Mr. Lawton's, men and women converged at Happy Knoll, one sex to pursue and the other to escape? It was confusing that their purposes should intermingle on the Saturday night dance floor, in the parking lot, upon the tennis court and even in mixed foursomes on the links. But still, there was that original purpose and that primary drive for exclusion, and it was still part of the spirit of Happy Knoll. In some way it had to be symbolized, and the Annual Dinner existed as this symbol. It had the segregated qualities that Lycurgus had once set forth in his constitution for ancient Sparta. The dinner was a bore, the speakers were all bores, but they were essential for the morale of Happy Knoll. Unlike Mr. Lawton, he had only two pertinent changes to suggest. Instead of the predinner Martinis being mixed at a ratio of four to one, he suggested a mixture of five to one and also caviar to be paid for by previous committee members.

AN INSPIRATIONAL FINALE

You will be glad to know that plans for the dinner have since continued without interruption. Hank Stevens will again tell his story of the handsome cab, H. J. Culbertson is already rehearsing his tale of the man in upper 10, Tom Gaspell will play *What I Learned About Women, Gentlemen Readers and Old Fellows Hall*; Mr. Blodsoe will recite *The Highwayman* by Mr. Alfred Noyes. However, there will be a bright addition to the program. As a final number, Mr. Bob Lawton has consented to do a five-minute inspirational piece entitled *What the Happy Knoll Country Club Means to Me*. I wish you might be here to hear him, but since you are not and as you may not have your checkbook handy, I am sending you a blank one on your bank.

Most sincerely,
Roger Horlick



XX-140 Bookstore by Jaguar

Any way you look at it people prefer

LaNella®

LANELLA is "lightness with warmth" from Switzerland. Half fine Australian wool and half Egyptian cotton, Sanforized* and moth-proofed. Weekender Shirt, superbly tailored by Peerless in lively two-tone plaids on black ground with blue, pink or gold. Sizes S, M, ML, L or XL - \$17.50.

*Shrinkage not over 1%

—See Lanella shirts of the following stores or write—
Peerless Robes and Sportswear, 16 East 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Store

New York . . . F. B. Tripler and Co.
Ardmore, Pa. . . Snowbridge & Clothier
Aubury Park, N. J. . . Charles Lammach
Baltimore, Md. . . Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Beverly, Mass. . . Johnny Appleseed's
Beverly Hills, Calif. . . London Shops
Boston, Mass. . . Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Bridgeport, Conn. . . David Miller, Ltd.
Carmel, Calif. . . Derek Rayne
Columbus, Ohio . . . Funphey's
Dorset, Conn. . . Men and Boys
Detroit, Mich. . . Kilgore & Hard
Evansville, Ind. . . Wally Reid
Fairbanks, Alaska . . . Socha Men's Shop
Germantown, Pa. . . Wm. C. Wagner
Grand Rapids, Mich. . . Morkezie
Boston Bookstore
Greenwich, Conn. . . Van Driver
Hartford, Conn. . . Kottens
Hollywood, Calif. . . London Shops
Jenkintown, Pa. . . Snowbridge & Clothier

Store

Kalamazoo, Mich. . . A. W. Johnson Co.
Kansas City, Mo. . . Jack Heary
Midland, Texas . . . Albert S. Kelley
Monteey, Cal. . . Ed Williams
Morristown, N. J. . . Anson Newton, Ltd.
Nashville, Tenn. . . Dix, Ltd.
New Canaan, Conn. . . Dobbs
New Haven, Conn. . . Ray Hammond
Oak Park, Ill. . . Joel McGee
Peoria, Ill. . . Howard Heller
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . Kaufmann's
Portland, Maine . . . Kenneth Abner
Providence, R. I. . . Bruce Felt
Rochester, N. Y. . . McFarlane Clothing Co.
San Diego, Calif. . . Lion Clothing Store
San Francisco, Calif. . . Neil Buckley, Ltd.
Scranton, Pa. . . Pym's
Seattle, Wash. . . Leslie Hughes
Spokane, Wash. . . Davenport Sport Shop
Tucson, Ariz. . . BRK Men's Shop
Washington, D. C. . . Julius Garfield
Wellesley, Mass. . . Ann's
West Hartford, Conn. . . Kottens

SPORTSMAN BENCHLEY

Nobody was more enthusiastic about exercise (for others) than the late Robert Benchley, who gloried in Harvard football from his couch

by NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

MY FATHER'S aversion to athletics verged on the psychotic. It wasn't that he wasn't strong, or reasonably healthy; it was just that he had a distaste for any unnecessary motion. He claimed that he was saving his energy against the time when he might need it suddenly for something really important, and that any form of athletics would only stir up all the poisons and be a drain on this precious, someday-to-be-needed reserve of power. He once broke his left kneecap by the simple method of walking off a porch where stairs should have been but weren't and although the break eventually healed, it left him with a trick knee and with what he happily considered a perfect excuse for not doing anything he didn't want to do.

One day, I remember, he bought a rowing machine, but he put it under his bed the day it was delivered and never took it out again. He also rented a sun lamp (and eventually paid more than the purchase price in rent), and with the rowing machine and the sun lamp and his couch, he settled down to a healthy urban existence. He referred to his couch as "the track," and before hurling himself down for a nap would say, "I guess I'll take a couple of turns around the track," which gave a slightly sporty air to the proceedings.

He became, in short, a full-fledged spectator sportsman, and remarked that jai alai was his most strenuous game, because of the steepness of the Hippodrome stairs.

He became so well-known as an anti-exercise man that friends were shocked



A TURN ON THE "TRACK" is what Benchley called this. He ignored his sun lamp and rowing machine, but during Harvard football games wore a fireman's hat for luck.

to see him entering the gymnasium on a Hamburg-American liner, and were incredulous until he explained that the only reason he went in was to practice his German with the attendant, which he did while riding the electric horse at a slow walk.

Cavalier though he may have been about his own exercise, he was nevertheless quite interested in other people's sports, especially football and

great interest, either attending the games in person or listening to them on the radio or reading about them in the papers. When listening to a Harvard game on the radio, he always wore a fireman's hat, presented to him by his native city of Worcester, Mass., which he considered a good-luck token of considerable potency. When, as it sometimes happened, the cause was irretrievably lost, he would put the hat away in the closet, not wanting to strain its powers against obviously hopeless odds, and would content himself with listening to the Harvard band.

When actually attending a game, he watched the field with fierce intensity, working little-known forms of necromancy and magic in support of the team. If he was sitting in a certain position or doing anything in particular when Harvard made a good play, he would continue to do whatever it was throughout the rest of the game, on the theory that it might be of some help. Thus he once sat through a whole half with one foot tucked uncomfortably under the other, because it had happened to be that way when Harvard made a touchdown; and another time he had to chew on a dead pipe throughout most of a game, because his pipe

This delightful memoir forms part of a book, *Robert Benchley, A Biography* by Nathaniel Benchley, to be published this week by McGraw-Hill (\$3.95).

horse racing. He had no interest in baseball, and the only baseball game he ever attended was a girls' softball game in Los Angeles. (His chum John McCain, who went with him, remarked at one point that it was the first time in his life he had ever wanted to kiss a third baseman, which so paralyzed my father that the game, as a game, lost all its interest.)

Without question, his favorite sport was football. A spectacularly faithful alumnus of Harvard, he followed the fortunes of the Crimson team with

had gone out at the precise moment that a Harvard man had made a long run. (This form of superstition he inherited from his mother, who once was pating horsehound candy when Harvard beat Yale. From then until the year she died, she ate horsehound candy on the day of every Harvard-Yale game, often sickening herself in a useless cause but never giving up hope that it might be the thing to turn the trick. She had originally bought the candy on a trip to her milliner, so every year she repeated the trip, going over the same route and seeing the milliner on some trumped-up excuse, then taking the candy home and forcing her husband to join her in eating it. Her husband developed a distaste for horsehound candy that verged on loathing, but it did him no good. When Harvard played Yale, he ate horsehound candy.)

The other sport, as I said, that he enjoyed was horse racing, although he had no particular knowledge of horses and a horse, as such, left him pretty much unmoved. He had, however, a strange kind of luck that followed him, and he was often able to violate the established rules of horse playing and come up with a profit. It was his custom to bet on any horse with a name reminiscent of Harvard—either by color or by some similar clue—and consequently, one day at Del Mar he selected a horse named Puddin', suggestive of the Hasty Pudding Club. The form sheet showed this to be a ludicrous choice, but my father nevertheless went to the \$5 window and asked for one ticket for Puddin' to win. It turned out that he was at the \$5-across-the-board window, but he was too embarrassed to admit his mistake, so he put up another \$10 and then slunk away from the window, not daring to tell anybody what he had done. Puddin' came in, and paid 24-1 on the win ticket alone. Once, and very briefly, my father owned a horse—or, rather, he co-owned one with John McClain. It was 1940, and he and McClain were rooming together at a bungalow hotel in Beverly Hills named, for no discernible reason, the Garden of Allah. One day at the Hollywood track, they ran into their friend Jock Whitney, who had brought his trainer and a few of his horses with him. One of the horses, a beast named Sharpy, showed so little promise that Whitney told the trainer to get rid of him. Suddenly, both McClain and my father saw something in Sharpy that

appealed to them; they were never able afterward to define it, but they knew that the horse was for them. My father turned to Whitney.

"How much will you take for Sharpy?" he asked.

"Why?" Whitney parried, not ready to believe what was coming.

"Because McClain and I want to buy him," my father replied.

THE JOCKEY CRINGED

Whitney said he guessed \$1,000 should be about right, and before long my father and McClain had dredged up \$500 apiece, had signed the bill of sale, and found that they were full-fledged horse owners, complete with one horse and no place to put it. Furthermore, the horse was entered in a \$1,500 claiming race three days from then, and they were unregistered, they had no jockey and they had nothing for their jockey to wear even if they had one. During the next two days they worked furiously, first arranging to have Sharpy stabled temporarily at the track, then signing up with the California racing association, then deciding on colors, registering the colors, having the silks made and employing a jockey to wear them. For colors they chose a mixture of crimson (for Harvard), brown (McClain went to Brown)

and blue (Whitney went to Yale), and over the phone they told the tailor to work these out as best he saw fit. In the racing program, the horse was listed as belonging to the Garden of Allah Stud Farms. On the day of the race McClain and my father arrived at the track in a rented limousine, with owners' stickers on the windshield, paddock passes in their lapels and a brave smile on each of their faces. Their smiles lasted until just before Sharpy's race, when they got their first look at the silks that the tailor had fashioned for them. The poor jockey was cringing under a cap of off-brindle brown, and his jacket was a jumble of crimson and blue stripes, the overall effect being to make him look like a stained-glass window in a funeral parlor. The horse didn't look much better, and it was then that McClain had his first premonition. "My God," he said. "What if nobody claims him? We'll have to put him up and feed him."

"So what?" my father replied. "He can have my bedroom, and I'll sleep on the couch in the living room."

Incredibly, Sharpy won the race, paid 4 to 1 and was claimed. McClain and my father were almost sorry to see him go, but not sorry enough ever to buy another one. They knew when they were well off.

(END)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE KAUFMAN



LIFE IN THE GYM For Bronchey meant practicing his German with the attendant while the horse was kept at a slow walk.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED
November 4 through 13

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Auto Racing

SCCA Appalachian National Rally, Hartshey, Pa. (until Nov. 6).

Boxing

- Bobby Boyd vs. George Johnson, middleweights.
- Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 9 p.m. C.S.T. (NBC).

Gross Country

Heptagonal Games, Van Cortlandt Pk., New York

Football

- Georgia Washington vs. West Virginia, Washington, D.C. (TV).
- Miami (Fla.) vs. Boston College, Miami, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual*)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5

Baseball

(Professionals)

- Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.
- Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse.
- St. Louis vs. Minneapolis, St. Louis.
- Rochester vs. New York, Rochester.

Football

(Leading college games)

- EAST**
- Columbia vs. Dartmouth, New York.
- Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, Mass.
- Maryland vs. LSU, College Pk., Md.
- Navy vs. Duke, Baltimore, 1:45 p.m. (ABC).
- Penn vs. Notre Dame, Philadelphia, 1:15 p.m.
- (NBC-TV; Mutual-radio*)
- Penn State vs. Syracuse, University Pk., Pa., 2 p.m. (CBS*). Men to watch: Steve's Lenny Moore (42) & Syracuse's Jimmy Brown (44).
- Pitt vs. Virginia, Pittsburgh.
- Yale vs. Army, New Haven, Conn.
- SOUTH & SOUTHWEST**
- Auburn vs. Miss State, Auburn, Ala.
- Florida vs. Georgia, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Rice vs. Arkansas, Houston, Texas, 2 p.m. C.S.T.*
- Texas vs. Baylor, Austin, Texas.
- Texas A&M vs. SMU, College Station, Texas (TV).

- WEST**
- Illinois vs. Michigan, Champaign, Ill.
- Iowa vs. Minnesota, Iowa City, Iowa.
- Missouri vs. Oklahoma, Columbia, Mo.
- Ohio State vs. Indiana, Columbus, Ohio.
- Northwestern vs. Wisconsin, Evanston, Ill.
- Purdue vs. Michigan State, Lafayette, Ind. (CBS-TV regional game to be announced.)

FAIR WEST

- California vs. Washington, Berkeley, Calif.
- Cal. of Pacific vs. UCLA, Stockton, Calif., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: UCLA's Sam Brown (35) & Pacific's Bill Jacobs (55).
- Colorado vs. Utah, Boulder, Colo.

(Professionals)

- Detroit vs. Baltimore, Detroit, 7:35 p.m. (Mutual-radio & p.m.).
- Chicago Cards vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago, 8:05 p.m. C.S.T.*

Golf

Ryder Cup matches, Thunderbird CC, Palm Springs, Calif. (also Nov. 5).

Harness Racing

American Pacing Classic (first heat), \$75,000, 1 m., for major stake winners, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

- Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
- Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.
- Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.

Horse Racing

Roamer Handicap, \$50,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.

Trenton Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

Hunt Racing

Montpelier Hunt Races, Montpelier Station, Va.

Swimming

Slipper Invitational race, for ocean racers, Annapolis, Md.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Auto Racing

AAA 100-m. natl. championship, Phoenix, Ariz.

NASCAR short-track race, Fayetteville, N.C.

Baseball

Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fort Wayne.

Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester (day).

Football

- Holy Cross vs. Dayton, Worcester, Mass. (Professionals)
- Chicago Bears vs. Green Bay, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC*).
- Cleveland vs. New York, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.*
- Washington vs. Philadelphia, Washington, 2:05 p.m.* (Mutual-radio*)
- Los Angeles vs. San Francisco, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Racing

- Chico Vejar vs. Danny Jo Perez, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8

Horse Racing

Firenze Handicap, \$30,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m, Jamaica, N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Baseball

Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia.

Racing

- Johnny Saxton vs. Ralph (Tiger) Janot, middleweights (10 rds.), Oakland, Calif. (ABC-TV 7 p.m. P.S.T.; radio 7:15 p.m. P.S.T.).

Hockey

New York vs. Montreal, New York.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Baseball

Rochester vs. Philadelphia & New York vs. Minneapolis, New York.

Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Baseball

Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston.

Racing

- Joey Lopes vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 115 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md. (NBC).
- Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

- Miami vs. Bucknell, Miami, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual*).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.

Horse Racing

Washington, D.C. International (half), \$65,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md.

Bremen Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old colts, Jamaica, N.Y.

Horse Show

Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Horse Show, Toronto (until Nov. 13).

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Baseball

New York vs. Boston, New York.

Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Hartshey, Pa.

Rochester vs. Fort Wayne & St. Louis vs. Syracuse, St. Louis.

Football

(Leading college games)

- EAST**
- Boston U vs. Boston College, Boston.
- Columbia vs. Navy, New York, 1:15 p.m. (NBC*).
- Men to watch: Columbia's Claude Berham (25) & Navy's George Welsh (11).
- Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover, N.H.
- Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, Mass.
- Penn vs. Army, Philadelphia.
- Pitt vs. W. Virginia, Pittsburgh.
- Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton, N.J.
- Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, N.Y.
- SOUTH & SOUTHWEST**
- Alabama vs. Georgia Tech, Birmingham, Ala.
- Clemson vs. Maryland, Clemson, S.C.
- Georgia vs. Auburn, Columbus, Ga., 2:15 p.m. (ABC).
- North Carolina vs. Notre Dame, Chapel Hill, N.C., 1:45 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Rice vs. Texas A&M, Houston, Texas.
- SMU vs. Arkansas, Dallas, Texas, 2 p.m. C.S.T.*
- Texas vs. TCU, Austin, Texas.

WEST

- Marquette vs. Holy Cross, Milwaukee.
- Michigan vs. Indiana, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Michigan St. vs. Minnesota, E. Lansing, Mich.
- Ohio State vs. Iowa, Columbus, Ohio.
- Oklahoma vs. Iowa State, Norman, Okla.
- Purdue vs. Northwestern, Lafayette, Ind.
- Wisconsin vs. Illinois, Madison, Wis.

FAIR WEST

UCLA vs. Washington, Los Angeles.

Harness Racing

American Trotting Classic (second heat), \$75,000, 1 m., for major stake winners, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.

Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Gallant Fox Handicap, \$75,000, 1 5/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Selma Stakes, \$30,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Laurel, Md.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. race, Hickory, N.C.

AAA 100-m. natl. championship race, Las Vegas.

Baseball

New York vs. Rochester & Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse, Fort Wayne.

Dog Show

Natl. Foxhunting Assn. Field Trials & Beach Show, Dublin, Ga. (until Nov. 18).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.

New York vs. Toronto, New York.

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.

Football

- (Professionals)**
- New York vs. Baltimore, New York, 2:05 p.m.*
- Green Bay vs. Chicago Cards, Green Bay.
- Philadelphia vs. Cleveland, Philadelphia, 2:05 p.m.*
- Chicago Bears vs. Los Angeles, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC*).
- Washington vs. San Francisco, Washington, D.C., 2:05 p.m.*
- Pittsburgh vs. Detroit, Pittsburgh, 2:05 p.m.*
- (Mutual-radio*)

*See local listing

THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOW COULD YOU?

Sirs:

I've just finished reading this article on Woody Hayes (The Ohio State Story, Oct. 24), and I am absolutely disgusted. I just don't see how you could print such utter trash about one of the greatest coaches. It's downright malicious.

I've been with this man now for two football seasons and have found him to be a hard-working and determined coach. Of course he might lose his temper once in a while, but who doesn't?

I think a rhetorical letter should be written immediately and also I think apologies are in order for misinterpreting Mr. Hayes's private and public life.

JIM SCHORSCH
Football Manager

Columbus, Ohio

MIXED FEELINGS

Sirs:

As the sports editor of the Ohio State campus daily newspaper and as a charter subscriber to SI, I feel I have the right to criticize The Ohio State Story.

We agree that 8 million fans do not have the right to demand the kind of football team that they want, but we do not think that there is one single answer to that kind of demand anyway.

If you call this article (which I believe was well written) revealingly reported, I have to disagree. I hate to say this, but SI has dropped a notch in our book because of it. I think I can say as much for many Columbusites, including the downtown second guessers.

I would like to congratulate Mr. Shaplen on a fine piece of journalism, even though we can't completely see eye to eye.

MERV VINOCUR
Sports Editor
Ohio State Lantern

Columbus, Ohio

WHAT IS THERE TO BE ASHAMED OF?

Sirs:

I see nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that people want to attend Ohio State football games in numbers bettering 80,000

every Saturday. That is a tribute to the type of play consistently exhibited and, I might add, in lean or good years the fans turn out. We do not need a winner to have that interest.

Coach Hayes, although too frank at times, is a hard-working, sincere and dedicated man whom any organization would be proud to have as an executive.

The football players your writer chose to quote never had enough time on the playing fields at OSU to talk authoritatively on the subject—sour grapes always come from those. Better listen to a satisfied customer like the scrappy little redhead, Mr. Cassidy. Ohio State has won, and probably always will win, their share of football games due to the fact that our high school football teams turn out the finest material in the country. That is why Ohio State fans think we should win them all.

JOHN E. CRISS JR.

Stuebenville, Ohio

REVERBERATIONS: SECOND THOUGHTS

Sirs:

My humble hat is off to you.

I've read your Hayes piece twice since getting it this noon. What the Hayes office and other OSU departments may think is incidental.

My own opinion is that you handled a very sensitive subject sensibly. It was critical with good taste; a censure of Columbus as much as one of Hayes.

More important, perhaps, is that you captured Hayes's uncommon personality perfectly.

Columbus, Ohio

NAME WITHHELD

Sirs:

REVERBERATION HERE SO GREAT MY POSITION WOULD NOT BE ENHANCED BY YOUR USE OF MY NAME.

Columbus, Ohio

SAME NAME WITHHELD

FAMILY FEELING

Sirs:

A good article—well observed and alive with good reporting.

Your research was penetrating—yet you were selective in a kind way.

BEN HAYES
Columbus Citizen

Columbus, Ohio

● Mr. Hayes, cousin of Ohio State Coach Hayes, writes a general column in the Citizen—ED.

BRICKBATS WITH LOVE

Sirs:

Thank you for an excellent article on Ohio State, Woody Hayes and the "arm-chair quarterbacks" who have been mistreating Ohio State coaches for years. These fans ought to get a few cheers for at least showing interest and undying love for the Buckeyes. The hoopla these fans express toward the team is actually their way of showing fondness for the State of Ohio, the Ohio State University and the team itself. It's pretty hard to get steamed up over the university graduating a good crop of dental students or the state's axle mile tax, but yelling, "Go, go, go" at a radio account of an 85-yard run by Hoppy comes easily, with no end of satisfaction. It is a pity the coach must stand in the way of flying brickbats, but at least it's meant well.

LARRY MACHAN

Canton, Ohio

EXIT WITH HOWLS

Sirs:

The story definitely conveys the thought that the coaching turnover at Ohio State has been caused by excessive pressure from self-styled quarterback societies in the Columbus area. Robert Staplen points out that there have been five coaches since the demise of Francis Schmidt.

In fairness to the coaches, the university, the alumni and those who have adopted Ohio State, I feel that Mr. Shaplen should have detailed the departures of Woody Hayes's four predecessors since 1941. Take Paul Brown. He coached Ohio State to a national and Big Ten championship in 1942. In 1943 he lost that team to the various military arms and came up with a



take along
CORONET
brandy

in the
Handy-Pack
Flask...



BRANDY DIST. CORP., 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y.
CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDY • 54 PROOF.

10th
HOLE

continued from page 63

losing season. Upon completion of that season he went into the Navy, coaching at Great Lakes. There was no pressure or firing there. Carroll Widdoes, his able assistant coach, took over, supposedly for the duration until Brown would return. He had an undefeated team in 1944, composed mainly of freshmen and one brilliant veteran, Leslie Horvath. He was named coach of the year. After the 1945 season, a season of seven wins and two defeats, Widdoes stepped down to assistant, allowing Paul Bixler, another Brown product, a crack at the head coaching job. Widdoes never really wanted the head coaching spot, but stepped in to help out.

As for Bixler, his team didn't come through, and there was considerable howling for his removal. He beat the bowls and left. After Bixler came Wesley Fesler. He took Ohio State to a divided championship with Michigan in 1949 and the Rose Bowl, gaining a 17-14 win over California. He left because of pressure in 1950 after a 6-3 season. The pressure certainly was a factor in the resignations of Bixler and Fesler. But it seems as though there were other reasons for Brown and Widdoes. I agree that the tremendous pressure for winning does exist in Columbus. I lived there practically all my life and grew up with it and that intense desire for winning. I won't attempt to argue the merits of this point. However I do feel, in all my years of being associated with Ohio State University and following their football fortunes, that the pressure that annually builds up is traceable to the numerous self-styled quarterback clubs and an overly critical press that has tried to captain the Ohio State football team in more ways than one.

Phoenix, Ariz.

ROBERT RIMEHART

SOUR NOTE

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Ohio State football very much but I believe it was sized up much more tersely by some gentleman behind me at the OSU-Duke game.

After the half-time ceremonies when the band put on its usual marvelous performance and after the nasty boys from Duke had made a sieve of the Ohio pass defense and had done almost the same or worse to the line, this rooster came up with "Boy, am I glad that Woody doesn't coach the band."

Youngstown, Ohio

ROBT. E. FITZSIMONS

NOW TRUE

Sirs:

Just read your article about Woody Hayes and the OSU "do-or-die" dynasty. How very true are the words you speak. We lived in Columbus during the years of 1932 and '33.

And then in September of 1934 we moved to the home of Michigan State. Although '34 was a rather poor season for Duffy Daugherty and his team, never once did I hear anything but praise for that team and its coaches. Everyone felt that they were doing their best. Now this year Michigan State is enjoying a better football year. Believe me, it's wonderful to see football

fans that are just as gracious in victory as they were in defeat. In this part of the country you will find wholehearted support for MSU and Duffy Daugherty from a unique type of fan that loves the football scene—win or lose.

TOM HESSLER

East Lansing, Mich.

IF HE IS RIGHT . . .

Sirs:

Coach Hayes seems to feel that in producing a group of all-conquering heroes, he must throw out everything of value in the great game of football. He seems to believe that to win, a coach must harangue, and that it is a very minor detail if playing becomes a chore.

If I thought this were true, I would no longer aspire to coach football. It would be an extremely worthless game. If a coach must boss, instead of lead, to win, then I believe that he must of necessity throw out any idea of teaching such values of cooperation, loyalty and a good attitude, to mention just a few educational qualities in football.

If Coach Hayes is right in his ideas, then football has no place in an educational institution.

PHIL PURDON

Xenia, Ohio

THE OLD AND FAMOUS RACES

Sirs:

The Greater New York Association is, I believe, going to build a dream track (SL, April 31) and they want the public's opinion and suggestions. This is all well and good. But, if they discontinue using one or more of the tracks, what is going to happen to the old and famous races that have been run there and other places for so many years? It is my opinion that they should be continued and not lose their stature to any new and richer races.

RAYMOND VATTER

Lancaster, Pa.

● The new association plans to maintain all of the old and famous stakes in their proper tradition. The history of racing shows many a precedent: the Belmont Stakes, today regarded as a prestige race for 3-year-olds, was first run at Jerome Park from 1867 to 1889, then moved to Morris Park and finally assigned to Belmont Park when that track opened in 1906.—ED.

CHACE'S BETTER WORLD

Sirs:

It's a great day for me when a clever boy like Chace will give those "wants pawn term" stories. I loved "Ladle Rotten Hut" (E & D, Aug. 16, 1954) and wore my copy to shreds reading it to myself and other people.

I howled with glee when I read about "oiled Former Huskings and Violate" (E & D, Oct. 24). It amuses me beyond words to see what Chace can do with our language, and underneath it all there's the real story. He knows very well this world would be a better place if more faddies would say to dirt-ladle daddies: "Gad offer debt cheer an maker best a washer dashes so yer tarred oiled mudder vont half toe." This story touches my heartstrings.

TOMY CORTYNAK

Ellensburg, Wash.

CHILL BENS OUR

Sirs:

Henry gourds tofour Chess starry, Eye size ithica sham two put cheer sing leah land witch sway. Sap ear eggs ample two bour lade kits hoo reed cheer maggot sing, lettuce chews butter liter hairy riding inna few eabin.

FRANK A. ZIMMER

Wadsworth, Ohio

PROMINENT DISPLAY

Sirs:

I was interested in the article T.R.'s Cabin Door appearing in Oct. 24 issue of SI. This stated that the picture of that name had disappeared from sight and had only recently reappeared.

Over 20 years ago I visited Chattanooga, Tennessee and used the Read House as headquarters. What purported to be the original of this picture was prominently displayed in the lobby and they gave away excellent postal card reproductions of same.

As your article does not say where the picture was located, I am wondering if it disappeared before or after that time.

BEVERLY WILSON

Waterloo, Iowa

● LaBarre Goodwin painted four versions: *Huntsman's Door*, the picture Mr. Wilson recalls seeing at the Read House, was given to the George Thomas Art gallery in Chattanooga by the Read family 10 years ago. Another version, *Hunter's Equipment*, with an added pair of boots and a pouch, is in the Springfield, Mass. museum. A third version, *Still Life*, hangs in the lobby of the Hotel Pfister in Milwaukee. SI's reproduction of Theodore Roosevelt's Cabin Door was made from the privately owned fourth version.—ED.

FAMILY PLAN

Sirs:

I tried to get by with an individual application for membership to the Happy Knoll Country Club, but Jenny, Mike, Julie, Karen and Nancy insisted on like memberships. Enclosed is my check for \$8.00 for the U.S. Olympic Fund.

Best wishes for the success of the Olympic Fund Drive.

JOHN F. KILKENNY

Pendleton, Ore.

● Happy Knoll welcomes the Kilkenny family, as well as Messrs. Christensen, Bethesda, Md.; Cracknell, Calcutta, India; Seibel, Homestead, Pa.; Laird, Wilmington, Del. and Mrs. Ford of Los Altos, Cal., to mention only a few of Happy Knoll's new paying guests whose contributions have gone into the Olympic Fund this week.—ED.

THE POWER OF FISH

Sirs:

While reading *Kings Is A Coudron* by William Worden (SI, Sept. 26) I was taken more completely back to my childhood and young manhood than probably ever before.

By transposing the setting to St. Lucie Inlet off Stuart, Florida and using the bluefish as the subject, the story could read

continued on next page

"There is a reason why most sports cars ride on **DUNLOP TIRES**"



... says JOHN BENTLEY

International authority on sports cars

"I have road-tested most of the world's fine sports cars, and I am impressed that most of them have one thing in common — Dunlop Tires as original equipment. These high performance cars start fast, corner fast, brake fast; so, naturally, they put heavy demands on their tires. The makers of these cars wisely match car performance with tire performance — use Dunlops as original equipment."

Mr. Bentley, shown in the picture standing alongside a sleek, powerful Triumph T.R. 2, is also an ardent sports car racer. In his 1954 campaign he had nine firsts, eleven seconds in class out of twenty-three starts. When he says, "There are many good tires, but I think Dunlops provide an extra margin of safety," he speaks with authority. The next time you need tires for your sports or passenger car, get the tires that give you extra safety and thousands of bonus miles of trouble-free driving — get Dunlops. *Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corporation, Factory and Executive Offices, Buffalo 5, New York.*



DUNLOP — Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry



You'll look better in a Lamb Knit sweater

Thin men, heavy men, tall men, short men—they all look better in a LAMB KNIT sweater. Experience shows in every stitch—66 years of experience. See the Ivy League (bottom), for instance. Imported Lamb's Wool, rugged, yet so lightweight. 17 colors. Sizes 34-46. Only \$19.95.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

The Lamb Knit Goods Co.

• Canton, Michigan

It's time you heard . . .

"It's TIME"

. . . the new program
for news every weekend,
with news of sports
of special interest
to SI readers.

"It's TIME". ABC Radio Network

quite the same in the effect that the fish has over the power of reasoning or common sense, or lack of it, in the fisherman.

St. Lucie Inlet is much the same as the one described by Mr. Worden near Westport, Washington in that it has a particularly dangerous reef guarding it from the ocean and a maze of sandbars and eddies inside the reef, with a rock jetty guarding the northern or port side as you head for the ocean. This adds up to one of the most beautiful places in nice weather.

But I have ridden with my dad across this no man's land on full ebb tide with the wind from the ocean on hundreds of occasions when, I am sure, God provided my father with the instinct to react in such a way as to counteract the fury of the elements. He, an expert who had a gift for making the most difficult situations look rather easy, nonetheless provided me with quite a few anxious moments in crossing.

There were numerous times when the weekend sports in boats much smaller and not nearly so well equipped as ours ignored the sound advice of the experts of the area and ventured into the worst of it. Needless to say, there were those whose bodies have never been recovered. The amazing fact is that most of them return.

Thanks again to Mr. Worden for a few wonderful moments of reading and to SI in general for many, many hours of most pleasant enjoyment.

AL FREDERSEN

Newtown, Conn.

THE LEGAL ELIMINATION OF DEATH

Sirs:

Those of us who drive small sports cars have come to realize, through frightening personal experience or an intuitive Moment of Truth, the value of your cogent advice in the account of James Dean's tragic death (E & D, Oct. 17).

Countless more motorists, driving cars of every description, will draw an additional warning: the use of the left turn on a speedway, without which this tragedy would not have occurred, is as outmoded as the planetary transmission, but eminently more deadly.

Perhaps the needlessness of the death of a promising young actor will make even a posthumous contribution to the driving he loved, by speeding the day when the left turn across a high-speed traffic artery will be given the legal elimination it has so long deserved.

J. DONALD BRANDT

Lafayette, Pa.

AS QUINTILIAN HAD IT

Sirs:

Whether we're gangsters or priests, all of us have a secret yearning to have sportsmen put in apposition with our names. My only claim to the name of sportsman is that I am a charter subscriber to SI, wherein I was delighted to read about that great Sherpa sportsman, Tenzing Norgay, whom I visited in Holy Family Hospital, Patna City, Bihar, India on Christmas afternoon, 1952. Tenzing had contracted fever climbing up within 800 meters of the top of Everest with the famous Swiss mountaineer, Raymond Lambert.

But has any sportsman directed your attention, as I have that of my composition class at Creighton University, to the pieces of excellent English prose occasionally found in SI? I just read "Hero," the Johnny Pedres piece in EVENTS & DISCOVERIES (SI, Oct. 17) to my class of novices as an example of what an "A" theme is like. We also took time to study the excellent introduction to *Best of Two Worlds* (SI, Oct. 17), wherein the scholarly president of Yale University showed how "reddere auditorio, honorare et docere," just as Quintilian would have it. Good English prose is where you find it.

PAUL F. SMITH, S. J.

Omaha

NAUTICAL NONSENSE

Sirs:

I noticed the nerman cartoon by Chon Day (SI, Oct. 24) and I am still laughing. I guess I just happen to be crazy about Chon Day's cartoons, but I think it's one of the funniest ones you've ever run.

How about some more of Day's stuff!

ALLAN NEUBOR

Manhasset, N.Y.

• *What Price Dory?*, a collection of Chon Day cartoons and Alfred Loomis



witticisms, will appear November 7, published by Gilbert Press, Inc.—ED.

AUTUMN: N.Y.C.
Slrs!

Paul O'Neil, raking the autumn leaves of U.S.A. '55 (SI, Oct. 3), has deplorably avoided the pattern of New York. It may be true that for many fall is haunted by "the old fogies, or . . . wagon trains, grinding west to Oregon," but to many more, those of us who portage the rapids of luncheon shoppers and whose underground wagon train grinds ever so laboriously home each night, autumn is too wonderful a time of year ever to waste on the countryside. Autumn belongs to the city. I am sure America is dotted with worthy urban areas, but when I say the city I mean, of course, New York. In September the city comes to life. Summer evacuees, no sooner over the dusty thresholds of their apartments, jump to their telephones, and friends, scattered by the summer sun, joyfully reunite in massed ranks as one cocktail party succeeds another. Once more each morning the sidewalks are dotted with children back from camp, mountains and seashore, who hop, skip and jump their way to school or congregate at corners waiting for the school bus.

Like the lamplighters of old, theatrical producers touch the dark marquees of Broadway and the names of new plays and old stars light up the autumn sky (alas, only too often to be extinguished by critics whose days in the sun have not mellowed their opinions). Carnegie Hall, the summer habitat of evangelical vegetarians and suspect healers, once more becomes the showcase of the world's greatest musicians. The antique shops of 57th Street, the most elegant thoroughfare in the world, gleam with the colors of every contemporary and old master, with Melissen, Spode, and Sèvres china from the tables of tycoons and princes, with Marie Antoinette's boudoirs, George the Third's libraries and Queen Anne's silver chests. Fifth Avenue's fashion windows—which clothed us in fall black as early as July—now point the way to the Caribbean, to Mexico, to the Riviera.

The city, as monumentally lifeless in summer as ruins in the Haitian jungle, sparkles, glitters and breathes life without compare into its citizens, who swarm over the scaffolding of new office buildings, new apartment houses, new museums, who happily buffet their way from street to street, fill a thousand aromatic restaurants, drink a thousand gallons of gin at lunch, deal with a thousand bad-tempered cab drivers, a thousand traffic tickets, the thousands and thousands of little pleasures, excitements and disappointments that make fall, New York, the most wonderful season in the most wonderful of all possible worlds. Try it some time, Mr. O'Neil.

MARY SHERWOOD

New York

● O'Neil, who will try anything once—and meant no slight to the big city—has penitentially sent out for a thousand gallons of gin, fully expects to sparkle, glister, happily buffet his way from street to street, swarm over the scaffolding of new buildings, and end the season as monumentally lifeless as a ruin in the Haitian jungle.—ED.

FOR THE *Mildest*
SMOKE OF YOUR LIFE
WALNUT
PIPE TOBACCO BY MIDDLETON

Seven of the world's finest tobaccos expertly blended for fine flavor, extreme mildness . . . smooth smoking. Enjoy your pipe with extremely mild WALNUT . . . the connoisseur's choice.



SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
If not available locally, send order to
John Middleton—1211 Walnut St., Phila. 7, Pa.
"Fine tobacco since 1856"

\$2.55 (1 lb.)
\$5.25 (5 lb.)
30c pkg.

Advertisement

**STUMPED FOR IDEAS
ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS?**

Don't let it
get you down
—Just look
for the
"Christmas
Parade of
Sports Gifts"

Sponsored by the
National Sporting
Goods Association

in the
NOV. 21 Issue of



**CORCORAN'S
NEW!
Hunting, Camping
and Fishing
CATALOG**

Just off the Press

New 1955-56 edition. Completely illustrated with hundreds of new, unusual sportsman specialties . . . clothes, footwear, equipment. Send for free catalog today.

CORCORAN, INC.
BOX 511-11 STOUGHTON, MASS.



The coupon below will bring **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to you (or a friend) every week for 52 weeks. It's the ideal way to be at sports events you cannot go to. For birthdays, other special occasions, why not give **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**? Fill in proper spaces below and mail today.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois
Please send 52 weekly issues of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to:

NAME _____ (Please print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE OR PROVINCE _____
COUNTRY _____
If a gift, sign my card like this
☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$2.00 at the same address.
☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$2.00 at this address:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE OR PROVINCE _____ COUNTRY _____
(These rates apply to Continental U.S. and Canada only.)

PAT ON THE BACK

CRAIG WOOD

Golfer Craig Wood, who won both the Masters and the Open in 1941, received one of the nicest surprises of his life last month when he was presented with a gold life-membership card at the Winged Foot Golf Club in Mamaroneck, N.Y. Now 53 and an automobile agency operator in nearby New Rochelle, Wood served as the head pro at Winged Foot from 1939 to 1945. Although he limits his major tournament play to the Masters and the Open, when it's held in the East, Wood still finds time to play two or three rounds a week, and many a young pro stops by at the club to seek his advice. Wood's game still has plenty of zip. He shoots between 66 and 75, and last year he shot a 64 on the club's East Course.



DR. JOHN DORMAN

Dr. John Dorman, a retired 77-year-old dentist, holds the record of having coached football at one college longer than any other man in the U.S. This year marks the 50th season that Doc has been coaching at Upper Iowa University in Fayette, Iowa. He took over the job "temporarily" in 1904, and since 1914 (the previous records were burned) he has given his alma mater four unbeaten and untied teams. Over the years, Doc's teams have won 132, lost 97 and tied 14. He doesn't have any serious plans about retiring from coaching, although he acknowledges he feels about football the same way he did in 1904. "Everytime we lose a game," says Doc Dorman with a sigh, "I want to quit that night."



Wells and light blue on short socks only.

Why do smart Londoners wear Viyella® socks?

YOU CAN always judge a man's connoisseurship from his socks. The socks shown in our photograph are Viyella, and the men wearing them are automatically connoisseurs. Viyella socks look *gentlemanly*—such subtle ribbing, such opulent colors, such perfect restraint. They are knitted in England—with superb craftsmanship. The yarn is Viyella's famous mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple

cotton, spun in the vales of Derbyshire. This wonderful yarn makes your socks soft, warm and *light*. One of the most extraordinary things about Viyella socks is that they never lose these qualities, however often they are washed. (Our wife bought us six pairs more than a year ago. So far she hasn't had to darn a single hole—something of a record, surely?) Last, but not least, every pair of Viyella socks car-

ries a remarkable guarantee: "If it shrinks, we replace." If your Viyella socks shrink, take them back to your haberdasher, and he will replace them. The price is \$1.50 for the short length with elastic tops, or \$1.75 for the regular length as illustrated. A great value, at better stores everywhere, or write William Hollins & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17. Telephone Murray Hill 4-7330.

You'll want everyone to know...



New Parliament award for horsemanship? Neigh! The medallion's just a gentle reminder that horsemen (like other smart Parliament smokers) want everyone to know *their cigarette is special.*

And you, too, will appreciate the *crush proof cigarette case . . . the superb tobacco . . . the luxurious flavor . . . and above all, the exclusive Mouthpiece that keeps the filter deeply recessed away from your lips. With Parliaments, only the flavor touches your lips!*

You're so smart to smoke **Parliaments**



ONLY THE FLAVOR

... TOUCHES YOUR LIPS